

Creative Solutions

Two friends of mine have had their houses entered at night while they slept. One friend was afraid and just as he had planned he shot and nearly killed the thief who was found to be unarmed. The other friend was unafraid as soon as he was wide awake and in the face of a gun in the hand of his would be robber refused to tell where his money was kept until the fellow sat down and had a bite to eat and listened to an offer of a night's lodging and help in finding a job.

The sequel is another example that anger does not pay and creative action is manna from heaven. The unarmed thief after many transfusions lived permanently disabled. The armed robber repented and gave his gun to the man he tried to rob.

Deeds of brotherhood have indeed so changed our society that, almost within our day, schools have changed from disciplining by physical force, to disciplining by social action; treatment of the insane has, to some degree, changed from straight jackets to therapy; penology has changed in theory, from retaliation to rehabilitation; churches have changed the emphasis from hell to brotherhood; and war has lost its glory. All this has taken place because here and there men with bold and realistic compassion are turning from destructive violence to divine creative love.

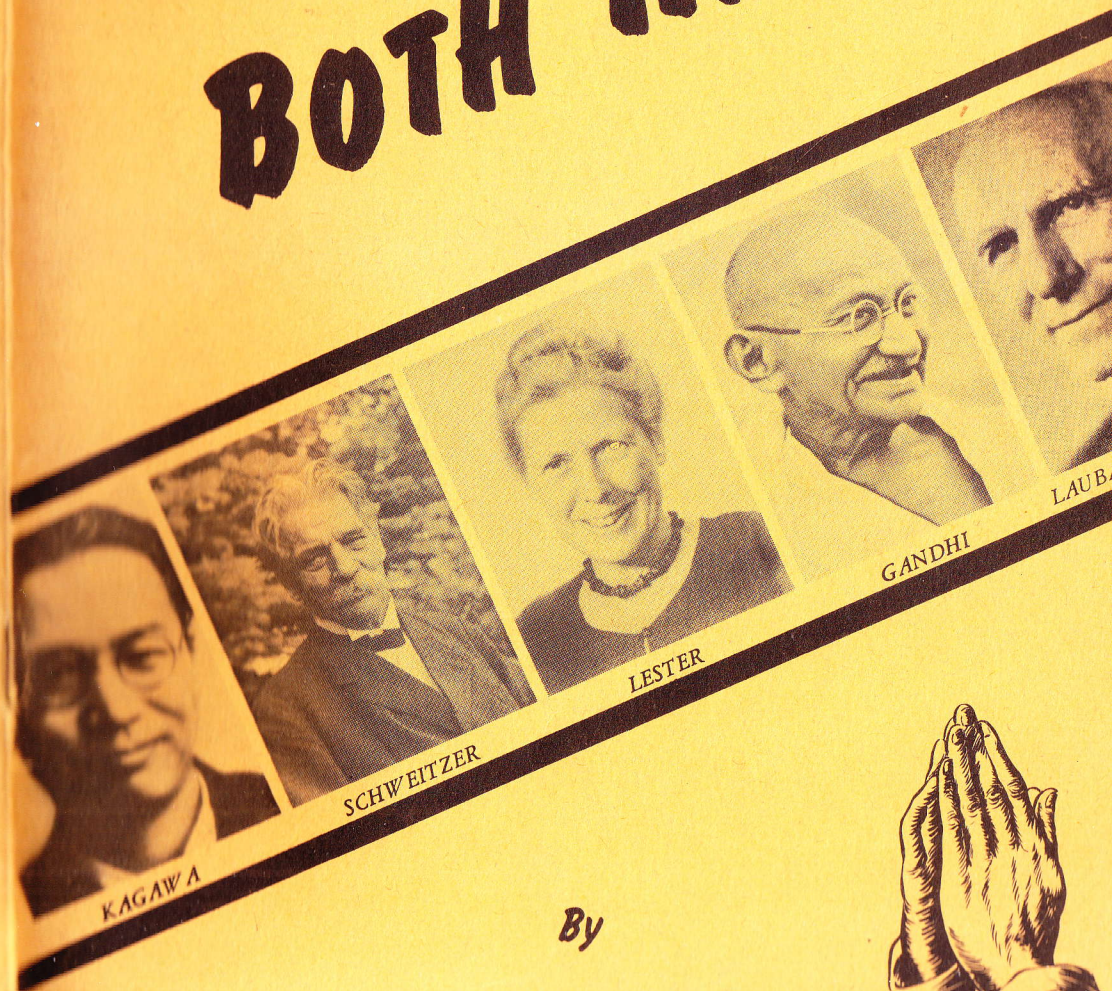
The present world crisis makes it imperative that we use our understanding to guide a practical, realistic, hard-headed, warm-hearted program of courageous behavior. This crisis, like all others, will end either by exhaustion or by intelligence or by a combination. If we haven't any intelligence, we have got to fight it out on the battlefield of exhaustion. That's all there is. But if there is enough intelligence, enough statesmanship, enough creativity, enough sympathy, there need be no war. Our problems will not be solved by new methods of mutual terror and destruction.

We *can* train for service instead of slaughter, but we cannot benefit an enemy whom we do not understand and want to help. We cannot lift up a man on whom we are standing. We cannot fairly shake hands while holding a club. Creative solutions cannot be obtained while angry. Psychologists tell us that our minds are half blanked out by anger and three quarters paralyzed by fear. We must be unafraid or we are morons controlled by our habits and past thought patterns.

The glimpses of heroic action in the stories in this book show this divine love that casts out fear, saves psychiatrists' bills, and lengthens life.

Charles Mackintosh.

COURAGE IN BOTH HANDS



By

ALLAN A. HUNTER



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**Minister, Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church, Los Angeles
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Here are more than 60 thrilling examples who have conquered violence with understanding and fearlessness. The two previous editions of "Heroes of Goodwill" were stepping stones to this completely revised and enlarged edition.

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FOREWORD

Three Levels

Because we are not machines but human beings we can meet each crisis on one of three possible levels.

On Level One our response is childish. We choose not to see evil. Or if we do, we run away.

On Level Two, after bumping into evil, we see little else. We become adolescent cynics, but we are still over-emotional. What's wrong, not what's right, holds our attention. Evil thus hypnotizes us into fighting it with its own methods. "The end justifies the means."

But there is higher ground, and that is Level Three. Here we see far more evil than before. But the denial of personality that had so shocked us on Level Two is now seen to be not just out there—in this and that wicked man or group. It is also recognized in here—inside ourselves.

The darkness, however, is not the most important thing in us or in those we oppose. The most important thing is the energy that can overcome it. This energy is hidden deep in us all. If anything is able, it is able to subdue the arrogance and despair, the power-drive and timidity that hide behind our pretensions of goodness. To be sure, the darkness is strong, but the Light out there and within is stronger. Ultimately, anyway. And this Light rather than what defies it, is the center of reference.

The devil of course is on the job at each level. By the devil is meant the darkness in our minds that we easily mistake for Light. His first-level trick, we have seen, is to dope us into thinking he doesn't exist; or if he does, he can't be faced. In this immature dream-world, not yet tested by the pressures of Level Two, we imagine we are already little Gandhis or near-saints on Level Three! Pet-lambs who don't have to pass through the pressures of Level Two as Gandhi and the saints most certainly did.

The devil's second-level trick is to shock us into assuming that he alone exists. His way alone is realistic and effective. There is only a choice between two levels. The haloes upon examination will prove to be bandages around cracked skulls. The responses of those supposed to be on Level Three are not so noble as wish-thinkers dream. They may turn out to be irresponsible if not cowardly like those on Level One. These "do gooders" are appeasers. They would buy off the opponent by selling out somebody else to the tyrant. Their appeal is to the lower, selfish side of man.

Two persons who ought to be in this book illustrate the problem. In World War I Jane Addams of Hull House, in Chicago, sought to serve her country with her conscience, relying on methods entirely different from bombs and espionage. To those using military force, Miss Addams' reconciling way seemed to be undermining morale and helping the Kaiser win rather than democracy. Again, in World War II it was hard at first for those risking their lives in the French underground to see that Andre Trocme was not on Level One letting them down. There he was in the hills of LeChambon swinging the sword of the spirit. How futile! It took a good deal of first hand observation to convince the Maquis that Andre Trocme was one who resisted evil quite effectively indeed, saving scores of Jewish lives in the process. Those on Level Three actually are anything but "appeasers." Far from capitulating to ego they challenge and encourage the spirit. What they aim at is "that of God in every man." That is their target and sometimes they hit it. They are out to affirm integrity, their opponent's as well as their own. But the inertia in our minds sometimes blinds us to the fact, especially when the wrongdoer is right at our gates pounding on the front door.

And now comes the devil's last trick. He conceded that Level Three exists and that certain heroes of the human race have got there. "But it isn't for you," he says with an air of realism. "A Francis of Assisi can practice authentic love. But your effort to will the best for others is phony. You know very well you aren't fit to act on Level Three. You're not in intimate contact enough with the goodness that, I grant, does overcome evil, as it did in the case of saints. They were pure in heart. You aren't. Why be pretentious? Better make an honest adjustment at Level One or Two."

What is the secret of the people we have glimpses of in this book? It would be presumptuous to say. But for many it seems to be something like this: they don't take their feelings too seriously. The main point to which they pay attention is the objective structure of things, what is most real, lasting and alive. The subjective sensations—the self despair that says "I don't have what it takes and I can't get it" or the inescapable little earthquake that attacks the pit of the stomach—all these are beside the point. The symptoms of adrenalin gushing into the blood stream are not so interesting as the Inner Must which they are given the wisdom to obey. During their flashes of illumination when we have sight of them, they are not worrying to much about the results. Temporary "success" is not the issue. Their concern is to give all they can to the Light that has broken upon them.

We can be sure that at other times and often, some of them have yielded to the first two tricks of the devil. While we are watching them, however, they see through evil into the power that alone can overcome it. At least it is to that ultimate vitality they are loyal. They aren't lying down to the oppressor. Nor are they slugging it out against him in the old, conventional way; the way of "mutual terror." On the contrary, they are taking their courage in both hands and flinging it in a new and creative direction.

What could this new and creative direction, this third level approach, mean to us? The determination to act individually and collectively with less timidity and more generosity. With our left hand we can, each in terms of his own integrity, throw away or relax our hold on the guns we have made in fear of each other. With our right hand, we can cooperatively share instead of tensely clutching at life.

Nobody knows how many people today just don't have a chance. Half the world seems to be half starved. Only two out of five can read. Why shouldn't young people in this country have the fun of helping fellow human beings, wherever the need on this planet is greatest, to outgrow ignorance and power-seeking that team up with hunger, disease, insecurity and despair? Take a map. Imagine the dams, roads, houses, schools and hospitals that need building; the fields that need ploughing, the trees and grain that need planting. And why shouldn't we tackle the problem of erosion and the 20,000,000 additional stomachs every year scientifically and humanely? While we're at it, there must be some way of increasingly substituting law for the habit of preparing to kill great masses of people who like us would like to live.

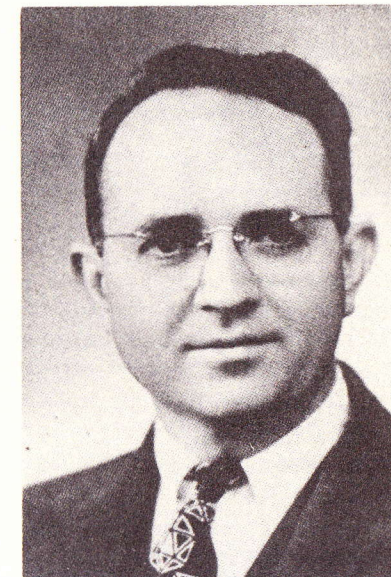
Impossible? That's what addicts of the status quo once said to the less timid who somehow, in spite of the obstacles, got out of the water to develop lungs in place of air-bladders. That's how the unadventurous up in the trees taunted those who wondered how it would feel to free the hands by experimenting with the ground on two feet instead of four. Maybe you and I are made for what fear calls "impossible"!

Let's not be sentimental. The old way also has its risks. The atomic scientists aren't so sure their weapons will defend what we value. Very well, then, let us take risks—in this bold, constructive direction. Our object need not be what those who are frightened think is expedient. It can be what is basically true. The capacity to act in line with the new law "Love your enemies" is within us. Why not give it and our fellow citizens on this planet a try? If we do, it may be better for everybody concerned. Better not only for the world as a whole, but for our country as well. This "new and living way" on which the people in this book take a chance is not treason. It is patriotism that has said its prayers.

Allan A. Hunter, 1952

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A Pacifist Grabs a Rifle



The Japanese troops were approaching the abandoned American university a few miles outside the little Chinese village. Merlin Bishop, the lone American missionary, could hear the menacing rattle of machine guns in the distance, but he decided to stand his ground at the gate of the institution where he had taught until the invasion drove the school westward.

They came along the road, dirty, disheveled, tense, and utterly weary. "As tired-looking a bunch of men as I've ever seen," Bishop thought. It was a small contingent, a sort of advance guard. They would trot along the road a hundred yards and then squat down, set up a machine gun, and spray the road ahead. They paid little attention to the man standing at the gate as they went by.

By the next day the near-by village had become a field headquarters for the Japanese, and Bishop's tribulations began. As he had anticipated, the Japanese officers cast covetous glances at the University buildings. Soon a group of them called on him and demanded the keys.

Bishop declined, politely but firmly. He explained that the property belonged to American mission boards, that it had been entrusted to his care, and that he was not at liberty to hand it over to anyone else. An hour and a half of discussion, with the missionary remaining always courteous and friendly but firm, convinced the Japanese, and they left.

Unfortunately, that was not the end. Periodically, on an average of every two weeks, the village garrison changed, and each new contingent had to be persuaded all over again. Through it all, he did his

best to remain calm and friendly.

Then came a major crisis. This time something had happened to make the Japanese less patient, less willing to listen to the missionary's arguments. Bishop sensed the tension in the air. He could not help reflecting that, isolated as he was, the Japanese could do with him as they would. No "neutral" witness could be summoned to testify against them. A dead missionary could easily be explained by a "stray bullet—so sorry!"

Nevertheless, he greeted them cordially, as always, and refused their request for the keys of the building with his usual regretful firmness. This time, though, the most eloquent argument appeared only to inflame the soldiers more. Finally the officer in command of the detachment delivered an ultimatum.

"Surrender the keys," he demanded flatly, "or we shoot you!"

The missionary stood a little straighter. "I have told you how it is," he replied quietly. "I wish you no harm, but I cannot do what you ask. I cannot."

Grimly the officer counted off three men and lined them up facing the missionary.

"Ready!" he commanded, and rifles were raised to shoulders. He turned to the missionary. "Surrender the keys!"

"I cannot. I have told you I cannot. I have no hatred against you, only the friendliest feelings for you. But I cannot give you the keys."

In their eyes he glimpsed admiration and baffled wonderment, as though they could not understand what held him erect and smiling in the very face of death.

"Aim!" The officer's voice was gruff as he turned once more to the missionary. "Your last chance," he said. "Surrender the keys!"

There was a pause. Bishop looked directly at the men who stood with leveled rifles facing him. He spoke to them, as one man to other men, as brother to brother.

"I cannot," he said. "You know that I cannot."

The stillness was absolute. The missionary looked steadily at the men. The officer seemed uncertain, the men uneasy. Then, one at a time, they relaxed. Rifles lowered, sheepish grins replaced their looks of grim determination.

But the danger had not passed. One man of the firing squad apparently was disgusted and embarrassed at the outcome of this situation. He gripped his rifle and glared.

"Father," Bishop prayed, "a little more love. Let me show a little more love."

The soldier had decided. Abruptly, with fixed bayonet on the end of his rifle, he launched himself full tilt at the missionary.

"He came fast," Bishop recalls, "and he came hard. At the last instant, when the point of his bayonet was not a foot from me, I dodged. He missed, and the force of his charge carried him up to me. I reached around him and with my right hand grabbed the butt of his rifle. (I thought that under the circumstances even a pacifist might be forgiven for holding a rifle!) With my left hand I grasped him around the shoulders and pulled him tight up against me. I was taller than he, and he had to look up at me. When our eyes met, his face was contorted with fury.

"Our glances locked and held for seconds that seemed ages long. Then I smiled down at him, and it was like a spring thaw melting the ice on a frozen river. The hatred vanished and, after a sheepish moment, he smiled back!"

That was the end. A few minutes later, the soldiers, like a group of bewildered children, were trailing the missionary into his living quarters—to have tea before their tiring journey back to the village.

* * *

This Japanese Wasn't Killed

Osamu Ishiga, strangely enough, was not even shot though his stand against war might have looked, at first, as a plan for martyrdom. He grew up in a Christian home. At the Imperial University he studied law and economics. At that time the idea took root deep inside him that his life belonged to the forces that bind rather than the forces that disintegrate.

When he was handed the red-paper, he told the army officials that he could not take part in war. He was, however, glad to serve constructively. The gendarme dealing with his case had never heard anything so revolutionary and dutifully did what he could to make Ishiga see the light. There was an investigation that lasted for months. At last it became obvious that this young man was neither a coward nor a Communist. Rather, he was one of those curious "sports" or "freaks" that actually followed what Jesus said!

The authorities examining Ishiga understood his courage and firmness. Such qualities were common enough. What baffled them was his sheer goodness, his vital personality. Finally they let him out of prison. There didn't seem to be any *other* way they could dispose of him!

He is now giving his life to a colony of lepers.

A Japanese professor telling the story of Ishiga to an American in a letter gives his reason: "You may be interested in knowing that there is such a person in a country where Christianity was transplanted only seventy years ago. We firmly believe that world peace will come because there are such Christians in the States, and Ishiga in Japan."

Revenge

Near the University of Goettingen, about 50 students eat, play and study together. Half of these students are German; half are from other countries. How did this experiment in give-and-take across national frontiers get started? Through a Norwegian by the name of Brennvold. Pastor of a church, he was a leading figure in the Norwegian resistance movement. In 1943 the Nazis captured Brennvold and deported him to Germany keeping him two years in concentration camp. For six months he was under sentence of death. Most of his friends working with him in Norway were killed. Set free in 1945 by the Allies, he set out to get revenge. He got it. It took months of begging money all over the Western world. But now the dream is a reality and in a residential center 50 students are learning how to live instead of kill together. Hate is being overcome by cooperation—Scandinavian style.

Douglas Steere describes a two hour discussion one afternoon in 1950 with some of the resident students. "The experience of living and talking together showed itself in the way they handled issues, listening to each other and building on each other's points instead of the usual method of seeking to annihilate all, and then to give the final solution of the issue in terms of your own prejudice." He also reports what the founder, Pastor Brennvold, told him, as they were alone, about his prison experience. When the sentence of death came, the pastor faced it and was prepared to die. Then "a wave of mercy for his fellows swept over him, a wave that included especially the Norwegian Quislings. He saw that the people in Norway could only live together after the war if this mercy broke out everywhere."



*"I Don't Mind for Myself,
but I'm thinking of my wife
and my daughter..."*

Let's take hold of this solution exactly there. What's the best way or is there any way of protecting a young wife or daughter from a conquering army that has just had a triumphal march through one's city and the soldiers are now free for a week or so to do more or less what they like?

Of course it's a terrific problem. Hundreds of thousands of parents had to face it in Germany in 1945. One thing was obvious: it was impossible to protect them by physical strength. Sometimes one could protect them through offering bribes but that was only a temporary safety.

Most people are a little averse to describing the horror of those days but in two or three cases one has heard details of how the situation has been faced.

I

In 1945 Lotte Hoffmann was in her half-wrecked home in the suburbs of Berlin with her daughter about sixteen years old. Russian soldiers were swarming everywhere, sometimes raping and killing and often looting. All at once several burst through the door of her home. What could she do? She knew no Russian but she had a lovely voice. Desperate, without words, she asked God for help. The next step followed naturally. Walking over to the piano she sang German folk songs. Soon the soldiers who a few moments before had seemed able only to threaten and shout were showing another side. There they were, around the piano, standing or sitting,—each in his own way trying to appreciate the spirit that through music was entering his heart.

From then on, as long as half-drunk troops were about, one or two Russian soldiers, armed, would sit up all night in Mrs. Hoffman's room to make sure that she and her daughter would be safe.



II

An American friend who has lived in Dresden, Germany for 30 years, survived the three great air raids on the city; air-raids which took possibly 300,000 lives.

Then before being able to leave Dresden for the United States she had 14 months under the Russians. During that time she kept a careful record. Some of the incidents are grim, facing squarely the cruelty that war lets loose. Others illuminate the common ground on which we human beings whatever our nation, stand together. Here in her own vivid words are some of her experiences:

"Since early dawn of May 8th (1945), the roar of cannon shook the earth as it had not shaken since the bombing. This was artillery fire. Doors and windows, hanging loosely in their frames since the air raids, rattled ominously with every reverberation. Everywhere groups of people stood listening. Pallid faces stared at each other, incredulous. What madness to send German boys to their death at this last hour of catastrophe! Suddenly the firing stopped: the city of Dresden, or rather, what was left of it, had capitulated. Unconditional surrender to,—? The Russians had been given the privilege of entering the city first and alone. A neighbor tapped on my window, her eyes wide with panic.

"They are coming up here," she gasped, "my brother saw them! What, oh what shall we do?"

"Do? Why, nothing," I replied in what I hoped was a firm voice, though my own heart too was heavy with fear. "Remember how many

lies both sides spread during the war about each other. You'll see, the Russians are human beings just like us; after all, they won't eat us."

She turned away, sobbing. What *could* one do now Hope the best, have faith,—

We did not have to wait long. The butt of a gun crashed against the house door. Old Daddy H., my kind host, ran to open. Gruff voices in the hall. I jumped up: a soldier in Russian uniform had barged into my room. For a second we stood and looked at each other. He was young, blond, his blue eyes dark with excitement. Now for the few words of the Russian I had learned during the past year, a Russian probably no Russian would ever understand!! I swallowed—smiled: "How do you do? I—very glad—you see," extending my hand, which he grasped in his ironhard fingers and shook heartily, eyeing me, the room, the photographs on the wall. With an unconscious movement he crossed himself quickly before the picture of the Sistine Madonna—then scowled, as though caught doing something forbidden.

"Amerrika?"

I nodded. "Yes, tovarish, we friends." Whereupon he laughed with pleasure and began talking a blue streak of which I managed to catch only a word now and then. Without more ado he plumped down on the couch next to me—only to jump up again, glaring at me with ferocious suspicion "Shto aeto takoye?" (What is that).

Fearfully I looked at him, not understanding. "What is—what?"

"This!!" He was shouting now as he pointed at the couch.

"Couch-bed-divannye—". Whatever could he mean

He prodded the couch with a stiff forefinger, always keeping his eyes on me. Gradually the glare died out and a big grin spread over his suntanned face as he flopped down next to me again. He laid his back against the soft cushions and then began bouncing up and down, up and down, with me, whose hand he was holding, politely bouncing beside him. Now I understood. He had never come across elastic upholstery before! —His curiosity aroused, he began going over the whole room, turned on the faucet of the washbasin, where "water came out of the wall," pressed the little miraculous buttons on the two lamps, which somehow sent "light out of the ceiling." And then he caught sight of my little gold watch, which I had forgotten to put away. Russia had no clock and watch industry, no jewelry—he would never be able to resist that watch. Why, he would be able to buy a whole cabin for it at home He put his hands together like a child asking for something, then took the watch, fondled it with his right hand as though petting something alive—looked at me.

Was it not better to give voluntarily than to have it snatched away, perhaps? It meant so much, so terribly much to him. On a sudden impulse I nodded. He said nothing, but the happiness on his hard young face was worth seeing. And then, as if to prove to me that

he had no loot whatever on him, he eagerly unbuttoned the cuffs of his shirt, pulled up his sleeves. No watch. (Later I saw soldiers proudly displaying whole rows of watches, those priceless treasures to take home.) He thrust his pockets inside out. Empty and clean. Evidently never used yet. Then I had to thrust my hand down his boots. Except for a knife in a side sheath, nothing.

Outside gruff calls, doors banged. He jumped up. A tap on my cheek, a fleet kiss on my forehead, a radiant smile,—and out he ran.

III

This friend responded in these days of crisis with the thoughtful courtesy which had become a kind of reflex behavior. Undramatic behavior, but of a sort that cannot be improvised. Let us follow her story again in her own words:

“We watched the new occupants move in. While the men did not change much outwardly except for a new uniform here and there, wearing their military caps in the house as well as outdoors, an interesting metamorphosis took place with all the women, including the female soldiers, of whom there were many. Probably reared as hard working peasants,—figures, hands and feet indicated that,—they had led a life of danger and greatest hardship in the army. But they were women with a woman’s instinct, for all that.

They came in droves, in open trucks, sullen faced, snub-nosed and full-bosomed; and, if civilians, in high felt boots, a white cloth over the head. And here they caught their first glimpse of women of the country they had helped to conquer, dressed as my friends and I thought, very simply, even poorly. To them, however, this trim neatness was startling. Had they not been told of poverty and misery far, far greater than their own? How then were these pretty clothes possible, no holes, no rags, no spots? And with hats on their heads or becoming little turbans of bright cloth? Amazing. They grew thoughtful, angry, envious,—and many a frightened German woman came home without her hat in those first weeks, till their liberators found out that the clothes and hats they coveted could be bought for the pay they had received, but so far had not been able to spend. From then on every store was overrun and after a wild period of demanding without footing the bill, both sides settled down to a steady trade.

It was amusing as well as a bit pathetic to see the husky women and girls emerge from beauty parlors, their neglected hair, so long hidden under soldier cap or cloth, in curls, highheeled slippers on their formerly booted feet, in silks and laces they had never set eye on before. And some of those girls were beauties now.

Never did I regret the loss of personal property less than on that sunny morning in May, when my terrified hosts drew me to the kitchen window and, finger on lip, motioned me to look through the broken shutters into the garden. Polish slave laborers, who had been freed by the Russians, had forced open the little shed in which tools

and my two big steamer trunks were kept. These they had slashed open. The girls had pounced upon the evening frocks and were trying them on with shrieks of delighted laughter. Never have I seen happier faces than those of the two, who managed to pull the black chiffon and the powder blue lace gowns over their heads and smoothed and patted the fine stuff over their hips with work-calloused hands. The admiration in the eyes of their no less delighted countrymen, still gaunt and ragged in their sweat stained old clothes, was touching.

Perhaps I could have retrieved my belongings. To speak to the young people in English might have sufficed, for the Poles possess the finest courtesy in the world. But I did not want to, just could not spoil their pleasure. After they had left I went out. My costly linen lay scattered and untouched on the floor of the shed. They had taken along only that useless elegance. But perhaps it wasn’t so useless after all. Had it not made someone happy after years of untold hardship?

★ ★ ★

Chain-Ganger



When Bayard Rustin came from another part of the country to the school in Pennsylvania he was 12 years old and not very robust, at least in appearance. Moreover, he had an accent that irritated the other boys.

“Come on and fight”, they would challenge.

“You aren’t going to hit me,” he would answer. They didn’t.

Why he had this kind of courage is puzzling. In part he got it from a relative who was brought up in a Quaker family. But to that

socially inherited respect for the other fellow along with the determination to stand your ground, he added something unique of his own.

Before long he was so husky, through training, that the other boys naturally did not pester him. As tackle on the high school football team he developed on his own a new idea; help the other fellow to his feet. It began apparently in a game when he was about to tackle an opponent but suddenly decided not to, since the fellow running with the ball had a sore knee. The coach was a little angry with Bayard for showing that peculiar kind of sportsmanship in that particular crisis in the game. The teammates, however, approved. Before he left high school Bayard had the satisfaction of seeing a tradition of his own invention taking root. After tackling a man you helped him on his feet again. That tradition probably still holds in his old school today.

His method of expressing good will is one of the socially useful contributions to our society. It is somewhat along the lines of Gregg's strategy defined in the second chapter of "The Power of Non-Violence", a chapter full of insights that now dominate Rustin's thinking. Before meeting a person he tries to get behind that person in imagination and for a moment *be* that person, looking through his eyes, thinking his thoughts and facing his problems. As a Negro he tries to put himself in the shoes of the white person opposing him.

Once he went into a restaurant, asking for a hamburger. It soon became obvious he was not wanted there. Nothing was happening. In time he got the attention of the woman proprietor. She agreed to his proposition: he would sit before a cold hamburger, refusing to touch it for ten minutes. If any one came in and objected to the presence of a Negro in her restaurant he would instantly leave without fuss.

It did not take many minutes for the woman's resistance to break down. She brought Bayard a hot dog that was definitely hot,—and coffee. Then she explained.

"You see, my patrons don't want Negroes here because they're dirty." (She didn't use the word "Negroes" but Bayard ignored the unconscious discourtesy).

He was tempted to challenge the adjective but, remembering, put himself in her place. "Yes," he agreed, "they are sometimes dirty. Maybe you would be if you didn't have a bath in your house. Did you know that among the Negroes in this town hardly any can afford such a luxury?" Bayard was careful about the statistics that need not be recalled here. The woman was dubious. She did, however, go to the trouble after he left of verifying what he had said. Finding him reliable in his facts, she became interested in the whole question of getting justice done to the Negroes in her community, not just vaguely but specifically with reference to housing problems. Today she is a real friend of people whom before she dismissed with a careless adjective and noun.

Gandhi's recommendation was: don't dangle people's sins in front of their noses. Point out to them some creative alternative they can start working on right away. This is Bayard Rustin's procedure. The other day he tried it in a Spokane hotel. As he was riding down in the elevator a white man turned to him and said, "Hey, boy, lace up my shoes." Bayard could have said in a superior tone "Whom are you talking to?" or "I'm not here to lace up your shoes." But that would only have stiffened the other's opposition.

So he leaned over, tied up the white man's shoes and smiled. The man who was accustomed to treating Negroes in hotels as servants reached in his pocket, took out 25 cents and offered it to Bayard.

"I'm sorry I can't take it," he said, "but I didn't lace up your shoes for money. I laced them because I felt you must be in need. Otherwise you would have laced your shoes yourself."

By this time the man was extremely red and apologetic. After a discussion he asked Bayard to his room to talk about racial problems. What did he learn? Not to be so patronizing? To stop asking other people to do what he could do for himself? Bayard doesn't know what the other man got out of the incident. He himself learned that when you try non-violence you have to accept inconvenience cheerfully; you have to be really humble.

To him non-violence is in the nature of things. It is the law.

Adjust yourself to it and you'll be human,—and happy. Defy it and you have increasing insecurity, fear and destructiveness. But what does he mean by non-violence? He means, for one thing, the creative response you make to a fellow human being when you act on the assumption that all human beings are essentially one. When I harm you it isn't simply you I harm. I also and automatically harm myself. The emphasis in non-violence is not on justice but on love and methods that are consistent with love. Bayard Rustin is very clear that the end does not justify any means. "If an innocent Negro is being attacked by a guilty white man," he says, "my responsibility as an onlooker is never to try to establish justice for the Negro because in attempting to do that, I bring about greater injustice. Suppose I make the mistake of knocking the white man down. It may *look* as if justice has been done for the Negro. But it has not, for the white man only waits for a later opportunity. Then, maybe, he will threaten 10,000 Negroes; every Negro living in the town. And that violence on his part will be because of my effort to establish justice without love. My job therefore is to do what I can to change the white man by removing the cause of his fear. That will not be throwing away my own self-respect but affirming it." To be able to do that, however, requires training in non-attachment. That is not to say a girl shouldn't wear pearls or a man shouldn't have three suits. The idea is to keep yourself free to make moral decisions and you can't do that if you make an institution out of yourself thinking only of things, of keeping respectable and powerful. The fact has to be faced that it is a sort of

theft, holding on for example to a suit that hasn't been worn for six months when somebody else desperately needs it. To practice non-violence, you have to give up not only possessiveness but also self-righteousness. The roots of the evil you are out to overcome are not just out there. They are inside yourself and you have to say so. At the same time you have to look for and encourage the hidden good that is in the man you oppose.

Early in 1949, on a chain-gang in North Carolina, Bayard Rustin put this way of non-violence to a rigorous test. For 22 days he did hard labor on roads as punishment for challenging the local Jim Crow laws prohibiting Negroes from riding on the seats in buses reserved for white people. The Supreme Court of the United States had ruled that segregation on interstate buses was unconstitutional and Bayard was only doing what the constitution permitted. He found himself on the chain-gang nevertheless.

The white walking boss, "The Captain" had it in for this "smart Nigger those damn yankees spoiled." But Bayard stopped him one morning as the crew was shovelling dirt into a truck, asking if he might speak to him. "I know there are a great many differences in our attitudes on many questions," he said. "Yet I feel we can and should be friends. The first morning we met I failed to address you as 'Sir.' That wasn't out of disrespect. But if you feel it was I'm willing to apologize I am willing to work as hard as I can. If I fail again at my work I hope you'll speak to me about it and I'll try to improve. I'm sure all the men really feel this way." Then Bayard took a long shot at the Captain's conscience. "I can't help trying to act on the basis of the Christian ideals I hold about people. I do, however, try to respect and understand people who differ with me."

The Captain stared speechless. After some moments he turned to the armed guard and said in an embarrassed tone, "Well, I'll be—." Later he said to one of the chain-gangers, "I'd rather he'd call me a dirty—— than to look me in the face and say nothin'." The contact with this Negro from the north who was always up to something different, by no means converted him. But obviously his mind was sprouting. Before Bayard's time was up this overseer who had seemed so hopelessly casehardened did for him an extraordinary thing: he treated the whole crew to soft drinks and cigarettes as if to say "I too am a human being."

The most spectacular results of Bayard's laboratory experiment were among his fellow prisoners. Shortly after arriving, his razor blades, razor, stamps and stationery, although carefully locked up, were stolen. That gave Bayard an idea. Why not from that time on put the cookies, dates, fruit juices, peanuts, etc., that his friends from outside were sending,—why not put it all into a "community kit"? The scheme worked. To be sure, four chocolate bars disappeared. But more and more the other prisoners entrusted their little luxuries to this pooled security. Strong boxes might be looted. It just wasn't the

thing to take anything from the common store.

Near the end of his second week, Bayard suggested that they have a party. Practically all the inmates thought this very impractical. "The fellows will behave like pigs," it was gloomily predicted. "A few strong people will get all the food."

Finally they suggested that he choose a committee. Bayard picked three men. They were supposed to be "the biggest thieves" in the prison camp. Now, it seemed certain, the party would be wrecked; those three would help themselves to everything before the party began. Even so, the boxes were handed over to their charge. For two days they guarded the refreshments. The outcome was startling. Everything was done in good order. Six candy bars were given by somebody to take the place of the four that previously had been lifted,—before the committee took over. What wasn't eaten at the party was returned to the community kit. One of the three Bayard had selected became a thoroughly capable member of the camp.

Bayard Rustin's summary is significant: "It was clear for all to see that the stimuli of expectancy, trust and responsibility had for the moment at least brought about the positive responses of faithfulness to duty, imagination and sharing."

★ ★ ★

A Korean Stands up to Aggression

From Korea, April 4, 1950, an American, Albin Bro, working in our State Department, wrote enthusiastically about what he called the Village of Atomic Love. "During the last six months," Mr. Bro reported of that village, "the lives of many people have been transformed."

The vehicle of this transforming power was a Korean pastor. He had been devoting much of his life to helping the lepers in an island colony near Soon Chen. His two sons were killed in guerrilla action. The murderer was captured and brought to trial and sentenced to die. Before the court the pastor made a plea. He asked that the murderer, presumably a Communist, be handed over to him so that he could show the superiority of Christianity to communism.

The plea was granted. The Communist who had killed the pastor's two sons came to live in the pastor's home as a son.

But that is not all. The pastor's daughter later went to the murderer's home and village and lived among them as a daughter.

There *are* human beings single-minded or pure in heart enough to give their lives truly for others. This pastor was such a person. Months later, another group of Communists came to his village. As they approached, friends begged him to escape.

It was quite a decision for the pastor of the Village of Atomic Love. Korea would need men like him. But how about the people who couldn't get away?

He decided to stay and was soon shot, loyal to an insight that bullets cannot destroy.

★ ★ ★

An American Was Not Bayoneted

Maybe an animal can't repent. A human being certainly can. That's our unique privilege. And it's our best bet—if we're not to blow one another off the face of this planet. Repentance isn't a verbal reaction to a verbal situation. It's a matter of right-about-face with all of oneself. The results can't be measured. But they may go far each time a man turns from the old way that is wrong and ventures everything on the new direction that is right. A friend of mine tells how a fellow human being in a tough situation asserted his humanness.

It was during the second world war. My friend, a "devil flyer" as the Germans called the American prisoners, was running with a group of American war prisoners; dog-trotting desperately toward a prison camp that the Nazi captain had shouted was 17 miles away. The captain was crazy with hate. It was said that his closest of kin had been destroyed by American bombs. Now he had ordered that any American who stumbled and fell, even though the pace was too fast, would be bayoneted.

My friend Jeff was about to fall, but the young marine who was guarding him held him up when the captain wasn't looking, and whispered into his ear, "Not far, not far." An American a few feet away lost his balance.

"Bayonet that man" shouted the captain at the young marine beside Jeff. The marine so ordered drew himself to attention, his rifle at his side. Had he not heard? "Bayonet that man," and this time the captain screamed.

The marine's arms and his deep will moved with the suddenness of decision. The action was free, no longer routine. Acting from his true center, he whipped the bayonet out of his rifle, thrust it into the scabbard at his belt and without a word refused to move, looking straight into the captain's eyes.

The captain in a fury of temper, slapped him on the face again and again. The marine simply stood there. He probably paid with his life, later.

It was as if a line had been drawn by his conscience on the ground right in front of him which nothing under heaven could make him cross. He would go no farther in the wrong direction. Before that,

he had given the assent of his will to the war method. Now he was through. He would be pushed no longer. He was a man and his integrity was decisive. The words may not have come to him but the meaning back of the words he expressed in action: "Fear not him who can kill your body and after that can do no more."

★ ★ ★

She Found a Way for Herself

Fei-Yen, a seventeen year old coolie-girl in China quickly learned to read and write the 500 characters in the foreign school five miles from her village. Then she set out to help other villagers do the same.

When the Japanese army machine-gunned its way near her village, the father came forward with the correct suggestion for such a situation. She was the eldest of quite a number of children. He was the only breadwinner. If she was on the premises when the soldiers arrived he would have to try to protect her from them, but they would only bayonet him as they had bayoneted many another peasant who was trying to defend his women folk. So Fei-Yen must "think out a plan for herself." That meant she must commit suicide.

But Fei-Yen was a Christian and took his suggestion literally. She went away and kept quiet and remembered God and thought out a plan for herself. She found a good one. She made her way to a clinic 15 miles away where two semi-trained Chinese doctors were serving a wide area of villages. They welcomed their new colleague.

In time the Japanese invaders reached the neighborhood of the clinic. The doctors, with heavy hearts, made the correct suggestion. She must think out a plan for herself. Again, she did so. Having said goodbye she sought out a farmer and got him to give her some old clothes and a pair of big boots. She dressed herself in these, cut off her hair, returned to the clinic, knocked at the door and asked in loud rough tones if the people there could do with a coolie.

Next morning Fei-Yen and the doctors, a revolver pointed at the head of each, were tending Japanese wounded soldiers. They were glad to be of use.

A little after sunset, all the Japanese soldiers retired. They never stayed out after dark when the Chinese guerrillas were about. The four Chinese seized some food and lay down for a snatch of sleep. They knew that within an hour or two they might be killed as traitors

by their own countrymen; but possibly, they might be used by them for dressing of their wounds.

So it happened. All night they ministered to their own people. By dawn every guerrilla had disappeared. Daylight was for the Japanese; nightfall, for the Chinese.

Soon, Fei-Yen heard that the Japanese had destroyed her village and that all her brothers and sisters had been killed; but that did not alter her tender care.

The foreign doctor who vouches for this story (he told it to a Fellowship of Reconciliation Secretary) at last laid eyes on Fei-Yen. It was in a hospital 15 miles from where she was carrying on in the clinic. While he was speaking in a meeting one night, he saw a strange figure, sitting neither on the side of the men nor on the side of the women, but in the aisle in between, and dressed like a coolie. Only it was not a coolie's ordinary rather dull expression on the face. The eyes were terribly eager, the whole face lit up as though some fire of enthusiasm burning secretly within could not be concealed. As soon as the meeting was over he tried to speak to this strange creature.

"She's already gone," he was told.

"Where to?"

"Back to the clinic, a dozen miles or more away. She came here to get some ether for their work there. To get here she had to go through several miles of Japanese occupied territory. And now she's gone back, with the medicine."

"Why didn't one of the men come?"

"The men were scared."

Months later when the Japanese had taken the whole area, the doctor was visiting the big town near which the clinic had stood. He felt sad and shamed as he realized the missionaries had abandoned their work in this city some years before, through lack of financial support from home. Therefore no Chinese refugee camp could be set up there, such as missionaries usually organized. But suddenly as he approached the mission compound, he noticed signs of life within, ordered life, and not only human life, either. Its gates were wide open. The characters for Chinese Refugee Camp were neatly displayed on the notice board. On the veranda outside one of the big houses were tethered flocks of sheep and goats. Cows and chickens looked well fed and contented. The schoolhouse was evidently in full use. The women were at work sewing and embroidering in another building.

He stared. "Who's doing all this?" he inquired of a cheerful looking boy. "Do you want to see him? I'll get him," the other answered. Then he stood face to face with the delighted Fei-Yen.

"How did you get permission to do all this?" he demanded, almost brusque in his excitement. "Oh," she answered. "I said I was working for the missionaries who couldn't speak Japanese. And they still think there's a missionary somewhere about, but you see I take all the messages."

It was about sunset time and just then the prayer-bell began to ring. Soon the chapel was full; men on one side of the aisle, women on the other. "Do lead the service, Doctor," she said. But as he confessed later to Muriel Lester, he felt he could not. He had to discover the secret of this young girl's power. "I'll do it tomorrow," he said, "I'd rather you'd do it now."

Of course there were no books. But she had written down on paper some of the phrases of prayer she could remember, and after repeating these, she prayed in her own words that God would bless all the friends and relatives of those assembled there; then she prayed, "And please bless the Japanese people at home in their own country who must be suffering just as we are from this war." Then she ended up with this prayer: "O God, please help us to root out of our hearts all hate and pride and fear and anger because we know they are the things that make wars like this possible. For Christ's sake, Amen."

The doctor said, afterwards, that that was the high spot in his experience.

★ ★ ★

Three Dutch Sisters

Entertain

In Holland three middle-aged sisters found that the Gestapo had established themselves in a house opposite theirs. It was during the Nazi occupation when it was risky to show friendship to Jews. But they had an old infirm Jew whom they were protecting under their roof; also an old lady who had been evacuated from a dangerous area. The sisters were members of the Reform Church. To their utter dismay a Gestapo official arrived one day, very bright and shining, to say that he had been at Mottlingen, a conference ground in South Germany, and he had heard that they had been at Mottlingen, too. They invited him to come in, shaking his hand as a brother in Christ, but also telling him frankly of their struggling feelings in doing so.

In the conversation that followed the Gestapo officer said, "What a lovely house you have; you have hardly noticed the war."

"Don't say that," one of the sisters responded. "This morning 2000 Jews passed by with their children."

"The Jew is always the cause of international war," he said; "that's why we hate them so."

"It is not only the Jew who is guilty; it is I, it is you, and the Jew too," the younger sister replied.

They were in real danger because of the Jew they were sheltering who was growing very old. Every time all the houses on their street were searched by other Gestapo men the sisters prayed for hours that the men would not enter. The impossible happened—they passed the house by.

When he came near to dying the great problem was how to deal with his body. The problem, however, was never solved because he didn't die but recovered.

The sisters discussed together how to treat the German brother. Eventually they decided "Jesus would have invited him in and so must we." From that time onwards the neighbors looked askance at them and the old lady refugee upstairs became furious until they had a good talk with her explaining their motive.

The German used to join in their evening prayers and had a lovely voice, singing the hymns in a strong clear voice. The sister decided always to be completely frank and honest in conversation with him.

Once she asked him, "How can you persecute the Jews when you read the Bible, for the Bible is written by Jews: Matthew, Luke, Paul. And wasn't Jesus Christ himself a Jew?"

"No! No!" he exclaimed, "He is the Son of God."

"Yes," said the younger sister, "but His mother was a pure Jewess. If she were living now you would brand her with a star and take her to a concentration camp."

Soon they were on the verge of anger so they stopped the conversation and closed the visit by singing. His voice led the rest.

On another occasion the man asked, "Do you pray for our Fuhrer?"

"Of course." Asked how, the Dutch woman said, "I pray only one prayer for him, that Hitler may learn that Christ is the only Fuhrer."

He was to be removed, so he came to say goodbye. "Before I go," he told her, "I want to talk about the Jews again."

"I have only one prayer," she answered, "that you may learn that the Jews are to the Lord as the apple of the eye." She knew that this was a terrible challenge and that it might be her last moment. The German went white, whipped out his revolver and pointed it at her. Never taking her eyes off his face she kept her mind on the thought that God was with her. To her surprise there was no explosion. She looked down and found that the revolver was being pointed at himself and the handle was being offered to her. He was saying "You can kill me. I'm the worst sinner on earth."

"No," she replied, "I am a sinner just like you but if I shot you I should be committing the same sin as yours."

"I can now understand," he said, "how hard it was for you to receive me in military uniform."

At that moment her sisters came from a walk with a guest and asked the German to join them in evening prayer so they read a psalm and sang a hymn. After prayer together, he left. Much later he came again to tell them how he had visited his home, ruined by bombs, and was now changing his mind about Nazism.
★ ★ ★

Incorrigibly Christian



Tonight at ten o'clock, (this is written in 1950) a partly bald, rather swarthy, athletic-looking Frenchman in overalls, forty-one years old, will take his place in a Belgian coal mine at Quaregnon to work far under the ground the next eight hours,—unless it's Sunday. In that case, you will find him at his church singing, preaching, praying, leading discussion groups, encouraging ex-alcoholics, training youngsters how to cooperate... on an almost super-human schedule. (1)

Philippe Vernier may not be of this world. He certainly is *in* it. In it so deep that one can safely say this: rarely if ever has any human being gone through experiences like his, and come out of the test with a spirit more exuberant and a body more fit.

Here is a man whose nest is the sky. That's where his security is,—and not on the ground snugly warm among the protective twigs and grasses lined with thistledown. Like Homer's sea-birds he "rejoices in his wings." For why, he asks with St. Francis, are the servants of God

(1) This was written before October, 1950, when Vernier discontinued his work as a miner.

on earth if not "to lift up the hearts of men and urge them to spiritual joy?" The right to do that he has earned. Something like two years, during 1933-5, he spent in solitary confinement, out of loyalty to a method completely different from that of killing. While in a lonely cell he got into the habit of writing out his meditations. It was hard work years later to induce him to allow them to be published. In one of these meditations he considers two kinds of courage: "one that strikes and one that endures and loves . . . absorbing and exhausting the blow instead of returning it." This superior courage that can endure day by day without witness and without praise, "changes the torrent of one's nature with its floods and its droughts into a navigable river." (1).

Philippe's life had always, apparently, been like that. No French dungeon could silence his singing.

During that ordeal, he confessed to me years later, "I had wonder and joy. God was so near and real that I was sometimes almost overpowered." Once when he broke out singing from sheer good spirits the warden was so annoyed that he had the young man isolated in a special place of punishment for eight days: no stool or cot; only a stone bench and for half the time nothing but bread and water. Far from holding him down, the experience helped him to soar. Those eight days, he said (and I shall never forget the way he flung out his arms recalling the release of spirit they brought),—those eight days were "a song in the depths of my heart. The happiness was like that of a rescued child's, as if I was on an ocean all drowned, and then, God's arms underneath me lifting me up!"

In addition to the time in solitary confinement, he spent five months "with the others," acting as barber. One fellow inmate was a young Negro who was there because he had slapped the face of a white officer. What Vernier's friendliness meant to him is indicated by this incident. The Negro prisoner made a show of violence one day so that he could be punished with special severity in hope that he would be locked up near his white friend. His hope was realized. That night Vernier heard a familiar voice down the corridor.

"How did *you* get in here?" he called.

The other explained his strategy. The two in their separate cells had a great laugh together.

Again and again at the trial before his long spell in prison, the testimony revealed his magnetism and leadership. A father told how this young pastor, working among the underprivileged of Lille, was like an older brother to his eleven-year-old son. The boy was dying of meningitis. When the pain was too much for him he would ask for Vernier who alone could calm him. Vernier would enter the sick room,

(1) "*With the Master*" by Philippe Vernier, Fellowship Press, 21 Audubon St., New York. \$1.50.

go over to the bed and put his hand on the boy's forehead and pray. The patient would then go to sleep but first he would mutter with relief, "Thank you, Philo, thank you."

Vernier loves his country as few people do—with his conscience. For him it would be a sort of treason if he used arms to defend what is so precious. This is hard for military tribunals to see. The president of one court trying him for refusing to put on military uniform argued this way. "You speak of human brotherhood; could you not preach it better if you were not in prison?" Vernier answered.

"Preaching is not everything. If you admit the existence of spiritual values you must recognize that one can serve God and humanity by purely spiritual means. Prayer is one of these."

"But there is not prayer alone," answered the President; "there are also words. You as a pastor have at your disposal a pulpit to spread abroad the good word."

"But," rejoined Vernier courteously yet firmly, "if I begin with what I consider to be a betrayal, my words will have no more value. It is only when I have harmonized my conduct and my faith that I can speak."

The President replied that we human beings "do not live in the absolute."

"If Christians accept that," said Vernier, "they renounce in advance the service of Jesus Christ."

That was five or six years before World War II. When Europe went ablaze with fear and hate the second time, Vernier, though now Pastor of a missionary church among the miners of Belgium near Mons, left his wife and child there to go directly to the military authorities in France to give himself up as a Christian war-resister.

After a few months in prison he was sentenced to four years more. But first he made this witness to the Court Martial:

"In my attitude there is nothing expressing judgment regarding any one of you, nor regarding any of those who are fighting. It is not theory that makes one Christian, but integrity of heart; and I know many officers and soldiers are much better men than I. I am only a poor sinner, full of faults and worse than they in many respects; but I believe it my duty this very day on this particular point to declare clearly my conviction, though you may regard it as merely an intellectual matter, that the Bible cannot sanction war and that it is impossible for me to kill At certain points in history a kind of Christian offensive has appeared, combatting certain well established theories. For example, it was once possible to be a Christian and yet to own slaves. But one day a Christian offensive fought and triumphed over that idea. I am convinced that if Christians and people generally do not change their minds with regard to war, they will perish. I take my stand on Christian principles In spite of the darkness in which we find ourselves, there is in my heart a very great hope and this hope is in the power of God."

About three months later an exploding bomb opened the prison door. Vernier set out to rejoin his family. With him went his brother. Their journey was not exactly tranquil. Twice the two were sentenced to death: the first time by the national police who shut them into a sort of tower, accusing them of being fifth columnists and responsible for the defeat. But the police could not shoot them because the Captain was absent. Then the Germans came and all the police ran away, forgetting the condemned men in their tower. The two brothers in vain had tried to open the door with the handle of a pail. In despair they had fallen asleep. Next morning an old policeman came and opened the door. Hearing their story and their reasons for refusing the war, he said they were right. Then he kissed them and let them go.

The second death sentence was from the Germans who captured them, as they were trying to get away. Once again luck was with them. On the long march, at a corner of the road, an old man whispered "Turn to the left, boys!" Unnoticed, they slipped off to the left, ran hard and then lay hidden in a haystack for 24 hours. Two days later, through side roads, they reached Le Chambon in the hills of France. Eventually, Philippe got back to Quaregnon in Belgium with his family and parish.

Henriette, his wife, shares his heroism and humor. Her third child, a boy, was born almost literally among dropping bombs,—our bombs. A member of our church called a few days after. He was a colonel who, at considerable risk and hardship, got through to the "parsonage." With Mrs. Vernier he left \$150.00 in francs as a gesture of appreciation from our church. In a letter dated February 6, 1945, he tried to give his impressions:

"The opportunity is not often afforded a man in a life-time to go to Heaven but that is where I felt I had been after I left the Vernier household A knock at the door brought two angels to the threshold; true, they didn't have wings but the shiny bright-eyed youngsters that greeted me made me feel I was entering the portals of Heaven ushered by angelic cherubs. On my inquiry they answered "Papa is not home," so off they went to fetch their mother. When she advanced down the passage-way I realized by the godliness in her face that I was facing a sainted person. She was over-joyed at your message and the humble gift. Perhaps it was just as well her husband was away ministering to his flock because I would like to think of him as you describe him in your letter and as I pictured him to be from the description of the inhabitants in his neighborhood,—yes, like Saint Francis, I am sure The money I know now will not go to the Vernier family but will go to help those that they have so tenderly been ministering to all these years I had traveled nine hours in an army wagon and arrived at my destination virtually frozen, the coldest few hours I ever experienced in my life, but the warmth of the household I entered made me realize that any of my sufferings were

insignificant compared to all that those people had put up with the last five years."

After the war,—as a token of their faith in life—a second son was born to Philippe and Henriette. The years since have been crowded but not confused. A fellow minister once wrote this description: "Philippe is the organizer and life and soul of several holiday camps; their athlete, cook, assistant and porter, the inexhaustible teller of exciting stories, dramatic author and actor (and you ought to have seen him leading 100 boys at singing). He sent children to sleep at the sound of his flute till he himself fell asleep."

The picture is still true, so far as it goes. Only Philippe is always undertaking new and more arduous tasks. After the German occupation was over, he wrote how he ought to work his life through "to make new war impossible." A few years later he wrote how he planned to proceed by "trying more and more to form a community where everyone gives and receives something, rather than a clerical organization where the parson monopolizes the spiritual activities . . . It is partly to fit myself better to this conception of the community and partly also in order to get into closer contact with the miners next to whom I have been living for ten years that I have, since the beginning of October, . . . been working as a miner in a local coal pit . . . which gives me the opportunity of marvelous contacts with many new comrades, Belgians, Italians, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Latvians and others I usually sleep during the morning and I do my work for the church during the afternoon and evenings."

No one can capture Philippe Vernier with a phrase. But an exasperated army officer once almost did; at least that is the story that his friend cannot absolutely prove but that Vernier is too truthful to deny. It was about fifteen years ago. The officer had done what he could to persuade this brilliant, humble, vital, gay and friendly prisoner with an iron will, to behave. The army had used the old techniques on him month after month, to no avail. And now this officer had to make a final report. In the blank space reserved for that purpose he finally scribbled in despair: "*Incorrigibly Christian.*"





Humor Helps

Muriel Lester decided to identify herself with the underprivileged people of Bow. The hole in the wall she first rented was no larger than the six by nine room where Kagawa lived among the slum people of Kobe, Japan. Her first occupation was simply to get acquainted with the fellow-residents. They were never a bore. Even after she had been there more than a dozen years and Kingsley Hall, established in memory of her brother, had proved a popular neighborhood house for more than three years, a stout and bibulous lady whom we shall call Mrs. Smith set out from one of the thirty nearby saloons to "teach her a lesson."

It was after the armistice of the first world war. The community still had war fever. Mrs. Smith had had trouble with her daughter and it occurred to her confused brain one night that Miss Lester would be a convenient scapegoat.

A neighbor overhearing the threat, rushed into Kingsley Hall to warn them. "Mrs. Smith been treating everybody down at the Rose and Crown so that they'll follow her. They're all coming from the pub to throw vitriol in your face, dear. You'd better call the police."

But the Kingsley Hall folk wouldn't do that. Miss Lester told one or two of the leaders of the club, "This is our testing time. We're going to be attacked in a few minutes. What's the good of saying 'Sufficient is thine arm alone, and our defense is sure' if we don't mean it? Let's go on dancing, but pass the word along to everybody quietly." They did, and they had that look of battle that sometimes brightens the pacifist eye. Soon it was ten o'clock, closing time, but not a sign of the redoubtable Mrs. Smith. Most of the people went home a little disappointed but perhaps also relieved. The few left for prayer and sweep-

ing and cleaning suddenly found some 20 excited men and women had burst through the side door of the hall, led by the lady in question. The huge Mrs. Smith "like a walking oak tree" advanced on Miss Lester. Kingsley Hall, she thought, should pay for what had happened to her daughter. She began a veritable tirade and seemed unable to stop it. The humor of her melodrama was obvious but defense lay wholly in silent awareness of God.

At length a dock laborer detached himself from the little group round Miss Lester; he slipped out by the side door into the prayer room. A minute later while Mrs. Smith was getting her breath for another outburst one of her tipsy supporters called out apparently quite irrelevantly, "Gawd will bring your daughter back, Mrs. Smith."

"Of course he will," broke in Miss Lester quickly taking her cue. "Let's have a prayer about it."

Everybody gathered around, the men pulling off their caps most reverently and joined the Kingsley Hall fellowship, praying that the Kingdom of Heaven might be set up in their streets and in their homes. All joined in the Amen.

Then Miss Lester formally offered her arm to the surprised leader and like bride and bridegroom the two marched out together followed by all the rest, in amicable fashion.

Mrs. Smith became sober before they reached her home and solemnly swore eternal friendship from which she has never wavered for a moment. Afterwards if she heard anyone criticising her friend, she would stand up massively, firmly place a hand on each hip and announce, "Miss Lester is a good woman. I won't hear nothink against her"

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I Just Light a Candle

Everybody in his heart would like to be able to say to himself, "I've gone through the ordeal. I've been tested, and made it!"

Wilhelm Mensching of Petzen, Germany, wouldn't say that, of course. He is, nevertheless, one of Europe's most tested and *proved* peace-makers. The Quakers have rightly nominated him for the Nobel Peace Prize.

There was a time when he didn't feel very peaceable. It was during the first world war. He had been serving as a missionary in Africa.

There his family suffered rough treatment at the hands of allied soldiers, his wife especially. She was about to have a baby. There was no woman there able to look after her. A policy of reprisals had just been ordered and he was sent off to India. Throughout the voyage he was filled with anxiety and bitterness. Interned in India but allowed to walk about the city streets he saw something of Gandhi's non-violent

civil-disobedience movement. Fascinated, he studied it day after day, and found himself a pacifist.

Of course there were other factors. An English medical officer was walking down the ward of the hospital where he was convalescent. Mensching, still feeling strongly the idea of obedience to the state, weak as he was, came to rigid attention, his body shaking. The Englishman gave him a strange look. Then he said gently: "Don't be afraid, Brother. I'm a doctor. I'm not going to hurt you. I only want to help you. This war is a terrible thing If only all men could be brothers."

The seed was planted. Finally he was sent to England still as a prisoner. Living in open camps he had to sleep often in the rain. After the war he was assigned to the church in Petzen where he has been ministering to the people ever since. It is what we could call a conservative situation. Mensching wears a stove pipe hat in addition to a black robe. In the church is a parchment record going back to the year 984. But don't get the idea, from those details, that he is behind the times. As a matter of fact, he is hundreds of years ahead.

When it was all the style to say "Heil Hitler," this man before the war and right through it firmly and cheerfully said "Good day," looking not back to empire and military authority, but forward to a democratic way of living.

About 1933 a German close to Mensching told Douglas Steere there was an ex-communist, now a strong Nazi, who bragged about how he had killed people during the first world war and tortured prisoners; and now he was going to have Mensching thrown out of the church because the Pastor had no sympathy with the Nazi regime: he hadn't even installed the flag! Hearing this, Mensching went directly to the Nazi and stated his position frankly. He had been visiting the poor and serving people in their need no matter what their class for several years. He had never put any flag up in his church and the reason was simple: his highest allegiance was to Christ. Nothing could make him change that allegiance. If the man he was talking to really wanted to get him out of his church, now was the time to go ahead: he had all the relevant facts. The Nazi in reply silently held out his hand. No action was taken against the Pastor.

Through the war the Pastor continued to take seriously the words, "Love your enemies." At the foot of his bed he kept the printed names of enemy government leaders such as Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin. Waking up and seeing these names he would pray for international understanding and guidance.

In his pocket he carried a postcard from the English Secretary of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation received through a Swiss friend. It was a message of comradeship with the suggestion that nothing could break the relationship. Another source of inspiration was a notebook to which he often turned, with words from Socrates, Saint Paul, Thomas More, James Nayler and Gandhi. The idea of truth-



force or satyagraha which Gandhi urged, seems to have become a part of his nervous system.

His ability to laugh also helped. When an army officer harangued him for half an hour because he had said "Good Day" instead of the usual "Heil Hitler," he began to pray. Then he found himself smiling as he thought of a story his father used to tell about some dogs. Those dogs would bark at night roughly, loudly. Then the father would simply say "I'll just wait. They'll have to stop some time." The army officer in time would also stop.

Probably it was the sheer force of Mensching's integrity that carried him through the war. After it was over, the Mayor back from a Nazi internment camp told him of his experience. During the war this official was called up before the Gestapo chief of the area who wanted to know all about the Pastor. Was he interested in war secrets? "No, never," answered the Mayor. Was he in touch with international friends? Probably! "But all he wants is to do away with war—he would never betray us. He would just be friends of all people. He wouldn't spy on us," said the Mayor. The Gestapo man was impressed.

"Would you," he continued, "be willing to stake your life that this man would not betray us?"

"Yes," said the Mayor, "I would."

"Very well, before doing anything against Mensching we will first consult with you."

On May 18, a young woman living in the parish was killed by a bomb in the first allied air raid to occur in the area. The victim was not in uniform. She was killed in her home. Were not the allies devils, dropping bombs on innocent people? The Nazis were eager to make

the most of this propaganda opportunity. They appeared in force at the burial service, ready for the Pastor. Unless he spoke out against "the atrocity" they would get him this time; and maybe his wife and children, too.

Here was a test! Mensching passed it with honor. Not a word crossed his lips suggesting hate or retaliation. "Many thousands," he said in effect "in many lands are enduring similar tragedy or even worse." The center of reference was not human weakness but "the Presence of our Common Father."

But Mensching felt weak all the same, after the service. Then a villager came to him saying: "You have done just the right thing. If you had swerved at all and made any change indicating fear you would have lost the confidence of the people who still count on you."

Mrs. Mensching had much to do with maintaining his courage though there were Sundays when as her husband went toward the pulpit she would shake with apprehension. This quiet, fragile woman, always generous and sweet, had good reason to be afraid for the Pastor. Often, after the benediction, people would say "This time, surely, he will be arrested."

On one occasion, it looked as though both could not possibly avoid concentration camp. Everybody was to vote. Either the party line,—or else! The ballot was called secret. Actually, so a friend informed them, the ballots of Mr. and Mrs. Mensching were to be marked so that their vote could be detected. There was only one choice for them and that was "Nein." But that might mean severe punishment for the children as well.

When the two went to the polls, each said in a loud voice, "Good day!" The quiet in the room was ominous. Looking over his ballot for the tell-tale mark, Mensching could find none. Suddenly the calm voice of Mrs. Mensching split the silence. "Excuse me, gentlemen, but my ballot has a little fat stain on it. May I have another?"

The silence that followed was even more electric. Then an attendant spoke: "Yes, Frau Mensching, of course. Here is another ballot."

Both voted "Nein," folded their ballots, dropped them in the box and departed, wondering when they would be arrested. But they were left alone.

Mensching is a man who burns his bridges behind him and sets his eyes only on the biggest goal there is. When the Nazis were in power he did not let himself become hypnotized by the evil they manifested. Nor does he worry too much about what the Communists might later do. Rather, he pays attention and allegiance to the energy that makes for health, the power in the universe that is most dynamic, most alive and lasting, whose good will includes all, even those who might kill him.

To an American visitor he confided his secret: "When a man does evil, he's in darkness. He can't see. When I come home at night and my house is in darkness, do I seize brushes and brooms to drive the darkness away? No. I just light a candle."

A Gun Over his Shoulder

The other day somebody on the campus got so mad over the way the argument was going that he spit in Michael's face. Michael at the time was a student counsellor. His job was to point out to those in his discussion groups how to make a creative response to challenging situations. But nobody had figured on this. His heart started pounding. His fists were tense. The Irish in Michael's blood was getting the better of him. But not for long.

"Would you," Michael to his amazement heard himself saying in a perfectly calm and friendly tone of voice, "would you lend me your handkerchief?"

The fellow who had spit in Michael's face was even more surprised at those quiet words. Like a man in a trance the aggressor reached into his pocket and handed over his handkerchief. Then he began to blush. He became so red from the ears across his cheeks that Michael began to be embarrassed.

Like a magnet that can't help attracting iron filings, Michael is always drawing into his field of influence the strangest incidents. One night he woke up bewildered by a strong light flashing in his face.

"Hand over your money," said the man behind the flashlight.

"I don't have much," answered Michael, not awake enough to realize how funny his answer was. "But what I have, I need for myself."

"Where is it?" almost shouted the robber.

"If I gave it all to you," answered Michael meekly, "then I wouldn't have any myself." There was silence. Then Michael continued, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I only have a little, but I'll share it with you." He noticed that the gun had been slowly pointing toward the floor.

Michael: "Now that your gun is down, why don't you sit down?" The robber brought his gun up again and pointed it at Michael, repeating his demand for money; Michael added, "I'm not afraid of you any more."

Robber: "Why aren't you?"

Michael: "I can't explain it to you, but I'm just not afraid of you any more . . . Are you hungry?"

Robber: "Ye-es, I am."

Michael: "Let's have some coffee and a sandwich. I can make it in a minute."

Robber: "O.K." They sat together and ate and talked.

Michael: "Why are you doing this?"

Robber: "It's the only way I know. I wouldn't think of begging."

Michael: "I wish you'd stay with me and let me help you find work."

Robber: "No—because you'll turn me in."

Michael: "Why don't you leave this gun with me? If you're caught with this, there'll be trouble. I'll keep it for you."

The robber saw the point of this, left the gun, and as he departed, they shook hands.

Years before and not long after World War I, Michael was doing social work—only he didn't call it that—in the London slums. In the community was an unemployed man who was going to pieces with drink. He had a wife and children and desperately needed help. It happened that as Michael was climbing the stairway to make a visit three flights up, this man was several steps ahead of him. Michael knew how bitter his neighbor was so he said nothing as he climbed. The silence was too much for the other. Suddenly he turned and shouted fiercely at Michael:

"...you, stop loving me!"

Knowing better than to answer, Michael disappeared. A few days later, still without saying anything, he slipped into the man's hand a piece of paper stating that at a certain address a carpenter was needed for a small job. That thoughtfulness had some interesting consequences. In a saloon this man, hearing someone make a slurring remark about Michael, straightway knocked the critic down. But that was not all. From then on he began to pick up other jobs and take care of his family.

Michael's experiences during World War I are not worn on his sleeve. It took some effort and patience on the writer's part to wangle them out of Michael. But here they are. And if you yourself knew Michael you would not find it so hard to believe them. Michael's outfit, Canadians, were ordered to attack in broad daylight across a field toward a wood where the Germans were. Out of the men in Michael's company about five, including Michael, returned. On Armistice Day, he was with twenty-five men. When the noise of battle stopped, some of the twenty-five went stark shrieking mad.

When seventeen he had lied about his age so that he could enlist in the Canadian army. Deep in his heart he knew that war wasn't the way to get justice and peace. But at seventeen, when older friends are becoming heroes overseas and the best looking girls feel the frost running up and down their spines at the sight of a uniform, well, why not?

To the front line in France one night, he was carrying on his head sheets of corrugated iron to be used as shelter. The ground around him was churning. Pellets from bursting shrapnel were pelting the corrugated iron on top of his head. To Michael it all seemed hopeless. What was the use of it all, anyway? Was there any meaning in life? One might as well be blown up by one of those shells as go any further. In his despair and fatigue he rested a moment, not much caring whether he would be hit or not. He expected to hear some angry officer call out, "What are you doing there? Get along now!"

Then it happened—the strangest thing ever experienced by Michael. But at the time it seemed perfectly natural and he was not even surprised. A shining figure approached. Obviously it was Jesus. He came up to Michael, gently shook his head, smiled, and then strode past him into the darkness.

From then on, Michael couldn't kill. That shaking of the head was definite enough to Michael. What had happened, whether it was his excited imagination or whether it actually was Jesus walking up to him, was not the point. The point was that Michael from now on could have no direct part in the war method.

He had no fear. The Tommies in the trenches sensed that he was different. "Why," they would break out, puzzled, "nothing seems to bother you! Nothing seems to make any difference to you. We can't understand what's come over you."

Michael told his colonel, a man from Calgary, Canada, that he was through with killing.

"What the ... do you think we're here for?," asked the astonished Colonel McDonald.

Michael was courtmartialed and sentenced to be shot. The Colonel hated to do this, but such were army regulations.

While awaiting execution Michael meditated, making himself sit very still, listening to God. At last it came to him that there might be a solution to his problem, so he went to Colonel McDonald. "I'll obey army regulations, sir. Of course, I won't kill anybody, but I'll go over the top."

The colonel to his surprise found that the military manual, although telling exactly how to use the bayonet, did not actually command that it be used. He was delighted that Michael didn't have to be shot. He agreed to Michael's proposal.

But the sergeant-major, who later was shot through the back by his own men, was not so happy. He thought Michael's idea was all nonsense. The result was that Michael, in two weeks, had to go on three patrols. He made it a rule with himself never to pull the pins in the grenades and never to shoot or use his own bayonet. Somehow he escaped being killed. In one attack, out of the company only a handful came back. Michael was one of those returning men. They counted the bullet holes in Michael's uniform. There were sixteen and a slight flesh wound. It seemed unbelievable that he could come through alive.

The sergeant-major who had it in for this baffling soldier, was an old army man, hardboiled and insensitive. Nothing would please the men more, Michael realized, than to see this tyrant put in a ridiculous position. Once, losing his temper, he shouted at Michael: "Put a cartridge in that of of a rifle. Now, you, you of a, shoot!" Michael quietly and courteously complied,

aiming his rifle where it would do least harm, and at the same time trying to save the sergeant-major's face.

Again and again, Michael yielded in all possible details, conceding every technical point he could, carrying gun and cartridges and bombs, faithfully going through the motions of a good soldier—with the killing left out. One day the colonel gave him his third stripe. After all, there was not a single "crime" against the record of the young Irish Canadian. The colonel had a sense of humor. He said, "I give you this third stripe because I have to. Nobody, Michael . . . , nobody in the Canadian army has gotten away with more than you have."

In one attack the Canadian barrage battered in the German trenches and Michael, with his company, had to "mop up," that is, they had to follow the barrage and kill or capture any Germans they met as they advanced. A soldier would jump into a trench and do what he could. It was confusing, of course. Michael found himself alone in a trench. Perhaps he was ahead of the others, perhaps behind.

As he turned a corner in a trench, suddenly in front of him appeared a German, ready for any comers. The German's rifle and bayonet went up in Michael's direction. Instantly, Michael, his rifle over his shoulder, walked toward the German with both hands in front of him, the palms lifted slightly. He didn't throw his hands over his head. That would have been too much like giving in.

"Kamarad!" exclaimed Michael, smiling. The German's bayonet was coming toward him and was just a few feet away from Michael's stomach.

"Sprechen sie deutsch?" continued Michael, "you sprechen English?"

"Nein, English," answered the grim voice under the helmet. In a way the German was now off guard. He had been taken by surprise. He was all set for an opposing thrust from the enemy's bayonet. And here was this fellow, this strange Canadian, asking if he talked English and asking it in a funny accent. The German, confused, pushed back his helmet with one hand, the other firmly grasping the rifle.

"Liebe mannen," said Michael, "alles mannen." (I love men—all men.)

"Alles mannen? Deutsch?" answered the incredulous German.

"Ya, alles mannen," and Michael then held up his rifle, balanced on his open outstretched palms. He wanted to get over to the German that there were cartridges in his belt and that he could use the rifle just as efficiently as the German could use his; he could—but he *wouldn't*. Reluctantly, the German got the idea. The two soldiers sat on the firing step, Michael ransacking his memory for German words. He wanted to say, "I hate war," so he tried, "Nicht war." The German did not understand. "Nicht la guerre," continued Michael, fumbling for the right word. The other spat his contempt. Obviously, the suggestion of anything French was displeasing to him. Michael again declared that he loved *all* men.

The tension of all this gingerly balancing on the edge of death plus the weird accent and inept words of the irrepressible Irishman beside him were too much for the German. He had been eyeing Michael suspiciously, but now he couldn't help but laugh.

"Ach!" he broke out, almost uncontrollably, waving his rifle up in the air as if it were a cane, "Freund! Freund!"

They chatted away each in his own language but making themselves understood. At last Michael went his way and the German his . .

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Where is the Most Dangerous Place?



Ned Richards was a husky young person in 1917 who hated to have his classmates on the front line risking their necks for mass murder while he, a war-resister, was relatively safe. So he went to a friend who knew world conditions with this question: "Where's the most dangerous place I can go, outside the trenches? I want to do something constructive, as a civilian, not under the army. But I don't want it easy."

The answer was: "West Persia,—there you will find the hazard you want: cholera, dysentery, typhus, small pox, and worst of all, the warlike, ruthless Kurds who often shoot on sight."

To Persia went Ned Richards. While out there he married a missionary girl who felt about the same way he did. He was determined to work out a scientific experiment and Persia would be his laboratory. The problem was this: If you refuse to lie or hate or kill, can you in spite of that refusal be effective in a crisis, trusting to goodwill?

The hypothesis he wanted to observe at work and then double check in first-hand experience, to use his own words, was something like this: "The forces of love are stronger than the forces of hate. In order to overcome evil—really overcome it—one force, and one only, can be used: that is the force of love. The only way of overcoming evil is with good. I must therefore be willing to do something at least as

disagreeable and dangerous as do those who give their lives in the front trenches. But I must do it with the motive of keeping people alive, of bringing about reconciliation and goodwill between hostile factions, and I must do it using only methods which are uplifting and helpful and beneficial to everybody concerned. I have to be willing to get killed, but to do so loving everybody and trying to help everybody, including the Germans, the Turks, and all other people. Such a program of the use of good means can produce only good results. All I have to do is to insist upon continuing the use of good means, refusing to use evil means."

Friends to whom he explained his position put this argument up to him, customary then as it is now: "But what would you do if you were in a house with women and children and some ferocious Turks or Kurds from the hills come bursting through the door? Would you just let them do what they wished? Would you just twiddle your thumbs or would you fight like a man? Suppose you fought like a man. Wouldn't that be the best way to show Christian love? If you killed them, you would be preventing those Turks or Kurds from doing harm to the women and children and thus you would be saving them from damaging their own souls—don't you agree?" Richards agreed that he must not be a coward. But there must be a better way. He would find it if he possibly could. His fundamental trust was that the most effective way of defending those for whom he was responsible was to keep on using the right means. On that basis, he could rely on the energy and wisdom of God to be given to him when these were most needed. Even if those for whom he would die in order to protect them were brutally killed in the process, their death would not be futile. It would do more to make the prayer sincere "Thy Kingdom come" than any amount of shooting could possibly do. Death or life were not in Richards' hands. All he could do was to offer up to God the most sincere effort he could make in line with his conscience. And this he did. So he sailed for Persia expecting never to return.

In a few weeks Richards was taking care of 500 orphans, organizing refugees so that they could spin wool and weave native cloth. He cleaned up the streets of Urumiah. He buried bodies all over again that the dogs clawed up from the graveyard. He handled Fords, carts, donkeys and mules.

He learned something of the native language and got his laboratory ready. But nothing happened. He waited. Months passed by. Then one day horses' hoofs were heard outside of the relief building gate. In a moment rifle butts were pounding on the door. Richards opened the door. Glaring at him were the angry faces of marauding tribesmen—Kurds at last!

"Pool! Pool! (Money, Money—)", they shouted.

"All right," said Richards, "we will look for some." The drawer of a desk was pulled out. In it was a small bag of coins. The Kurds helped themselves. Richards led them to a Russian safe, a large iron

box containing several thousands of dollars for relief work. But he didn't have the key. Was this the end? No. Maybe they could spring the lock by shooting into it. He put his finger on the key-hole, motioned to one of the Kurds where to aim and quickly withdrew his hand, there was a terrific noise but the safe refused to yield a cent.

When he had let the Kurds in the front, he had never, he confessed later, been so scared in his life. But this was worse. It was as if the bottom had dropped out of his soul. He was really terrified. Then he prayed, without words, the prayer of desperation: "I have to have your help, God." Suddenly the fear was gone.

One of the Kurds hit him a smashing blow on his shoulder. He turned and looked at the man as if to say "What's the big idea? Can't you see I'm cooperating?" The rifle was lowered.

A Kurd fired into the second safe. It didn't open. An angry voice was demanding the key. Richards turned. Another Kurd was aiming at him, his finger on the trigger. Apparently he meant business. So did Richards. Looking him straight in the eye with all the spiritual strength he could rally, he told him the truth: he really was doing everything he could to help. There was no explosion. He now had the courage of "fear that has said its prayers" and the Kurds probably sensed the fact.

The man who had just been squinting down his rifle at Richards took off one of his shoes. Richards looked at the Kurd's feet. They were shod in rawhide sandals. He took his other shoe off and gave it to him.

The Kurds then went to the room where the women and Dr. Dodd were. Other looters were busy there, too. One had already approached Mrs. Richards threateningly.

"Ring," the man had demanded, pointing his gun at her.

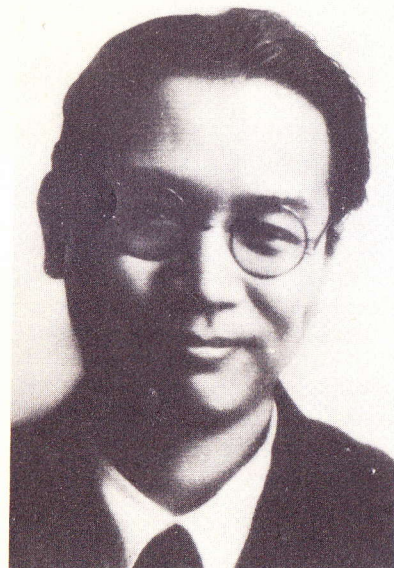
"Point that thing up!", she said, grabbing the muzzle. The Kurd did as she told him. One of them spoke of taking her with him to the mountains. Then his attention wandered to somebody else's jewelry.

Knowing it would be well to have no guns in sight, Mrs. Richards had hidden one upstairs; which was just as well. Dr. Dodd was weak from illness. Even so, he might have started shooting. If he had,— . . .

The Kurds took more shoes, a medical case and two or three overcoats and soon departed with little harm done.

Richards had tested his hypothesis. It was that you don't have to be a coward. Neither do you have to show your courage by killing. There is a third alternative. That third alternative may not perhaps be blueprinted in advance. It is something you can't see clearly till the time comes. But you can work at it. You don't know what the results will be. But you can keep your faith alive that in the long run the results following from loyalty to that third alternative will be better than if you relied on guns. Fear at either end of the rifle only tends to pull the trigger. It isn't easy to remove fear. The job is to try.

There were other cases where the fearlessness of Mr. and Mrs. Richards helped save many lives in West Persia, including the lives of "enemies." Their four children also rely on a different kind of force than that which destroys wholesale. Both sons, for example, one of them a pre-medical student, served long prison sentences during the second world war rather than give approval to a method which promises security to the citizens of one country by aiming insecurity at the citizens of another. Mr. Richards is now a forester in Pennsylvania. They are all fighters—fighters *against* disease, national waste, insecurity and darkness in the mind but *for* man whoever or wherever he may be.



A Real and not a Metal Sword

A university student in Tokyo, eager to throw his life into something more exciting than keeping his own rice bowl full, happened into an evening church service. There, on the platform, he saw what swung his life around to a totally new direction. A stocky, half-blind, but very vigorous and well-informed man in a cheap black suit had just finished speaking. Then about ten hooligans arose from the front seat, rushed up to the speaker and hit him over the head with large bamboo sticks.

Instead of getting angry or showing fear, the man receiving the blows simply stood there. Most amazing of all, the speaker's face—though there was blood on his cheeks and forehead—showed no change of expression.

When his attackers had said their say with the sticks, he quietly led the congregation in prayer. After the Amen, he invited the hooligans into the study to talk with them. Before long they were apologizing.

The student's new hero was Toyohiko Kagawa. From that time on, he was committed to Kagawa's expanding cooperative movement in place of communism.

"How often in Shinkawa slums and elsewhere have you faced instant death by pistol or sword?" I once asked Kagawa. "A dozen times?"

He grinned; obviously it was oftener than that.

"A hundred times?"

"Well, maybe a hundred."

He seems to enjoy danger. He has so much security inside that he can afford to go without any outside.

When Kagawa was twenty-one on Christmas eve he wheelbarrowed his belongings, mostly books, down a narrow filthy alley to his new "home." It was a room six feet by nine in one of the most desperate places of the world. Around him were murderers, imbeciles, prostitutes, people insane and drunk. At night the bed bugs were so bad that he was forced to deal with them humorously. Discovering that they like to snuggle into little holes he worked out a game. Before retiring he would encircle himself with small blocks of wood into which he had cut tiny niches. Into these his tormentors would settle down in anticipation of a good meal after Kagawa would fall asleep. Then in the middle of the night Kagawa would shake the blocks of wood, one at a time. As the bed bugs scurried out he would squash them on the floor. The score once or twice was over fifty.

The room cost him five cents a day. It was cheap because on the floor was a dirty spot where a murdered man had shed his blood, and since the ghost of the departed might be troublesome nobody wanted to stay there. Kagawa didn't know whether ghosts existed or not. This would be a fine opportunity to find out. He slept directly over the place where if anywhere the ghost could be expected to appear. Nothing happened right away. Then one night the sleeper felt restless, as if a stranger were coming into the room. He opened his eyes. In the doorway stood a drunk or half-drunk gangster, his sword uplifted. Kagawa could see the moonlight on the blade. In a few seconds it would probably be in his flesh. He got to his knees and bowed himself in prayer, awaiting the deadly blow. After a moment the man in the doorway said "Kagawa, do you love me?"

"Yes, I do."

There was a pause. Then the voice again, this time closer: "Here's a present." Kagawa felt in his fingers the handle of the sword the man had been carrying.

One of the most dangerous cases was an alcoholic a few doors

down the alley. Kagawa was writing a short story which he hoped to sell so that he could buy medicine for sick people in the community. The desperado came into the room and began shaking the table.

"Give me two yen or I'll shake it all day."

"No,—one's enough."

Later this man living with Kagawa demanded money for liquor. Kagawa refused. The man gave his host a smashing blow on the mouth. It broke four front teeth and probably cracked his jaw. Kagawa, recalling this, likes to pull the leg of American audiences: "That's why I don't speak good English. The false teeth were put in by a Japanese dentist." The gangster continued to sleep on the floor beside Kagawa and to share his rice.

On still another occasion he went at Kagawa with his sword. Drinking had crazed him. It looked this time as if he meant business. Bystanders started shouting "Don't hurt the teacher." Kagawa asked them to get out of the way. This was his job. He knew that his neighbor's sword was a bloody one. He would have no one else involved.

As a boy he had loved stories of sword play. He used to swing his father's great sword when the foster-mother wasn't looking. Like a swordsman he stood, one foot in front of the other. Without smiling or speaking—that would only provoke his opponent,—he looked straight and deep into the other's eyes far back toward something that maybe, if he had the right attitude, he could reach. At any second there might be a sharp thrust into his body. But he stood his ground with unwavering eyes. For perhaps ten minutes, motionless, the two wills were locked in a life and death struggle. Then suddenly the battle was over. His sword grasped like a foolish toy, Kagawa's opponent slunk away.

Kagawa seems to like a fight, if he can choose the weapons. Once with the same kind of energy, he stood up to more than ten thousand angry strikers headed for violence,—and won. While he had been conducting a Sunday morning service in his church in the Kobe slums, some agitators whipped up the laborers into a fury and now they were marching down a street straight for the Kawasaki dockyards with the idea of destroying the machinery. At the dockyards were hundreds of police armed with sabres; and soldiers, ready with loaded rifles. Unless the procession could be headed off the slaughter would be terrible.

Hearing of the situation, Kagawa closed his service abruptly, rushed into a rickshaw since he was not able to run the whole distance because of weak lungs and leaped out of the rickshaw at the bottom of a sloping street just in time. The strikers were coming toward him with the pressure of a mountain river and they were shouting in rhythm "Washo! Washo!"

Kagawa faced them singlehanded. "When the first row of men reached where I was standing," he told me years later, "I looked straight into the eyes of each one, praying 'Let there be peace.' My prayer was answered, for they were checked. So I was at peace in my

own soul. After that suddenly I knew I was with God."

The strikers swerved down a side street and left the dockyards untouched. Not a shot was fired. The union was saved. Their advisor, however, was thrown into jail.

The jailors tried to humiliate Kagawa by making him wear a woman's kimono. Instead of nursing the insult, he wrote poems on toilet paper. Some of these can now be read in his book "Songs From The Slums."

When Japan unjustly attacked the Chinese he wrote a poem asking their forgiveness. In other ways he bore clear witness to his stand against the war system. Less than two years before Pearl Harbor he was imprisoned more than two weeks because of his protest against militarism. Against the mosquitoes he defended himself ingeniously. Putting his coat over his head and leaving only his nostrils exposed, he tucked his hands out of sight, sat on the floor and leaning against the wall, meditated the greater part of two days and nights. At first as he faced the way civilization was going he was "disappointed." Then gradually he felt himself lifted up onto a level of irrepressible joy in the sense of God's presence.

A few months before the end of the second world war he had to flee to the woods about a hundred miles north of Tokyo. Fanatical nationalists were demanding his execution, there being a rumor that if the Americans took over Japan, Kagawa would be made prime minister.

Since the war he has given half his time to heading up social service programs and the other half to winning people in Japan to his basic conviction.

"Love is power," he says. "Try it! try it!" He does.

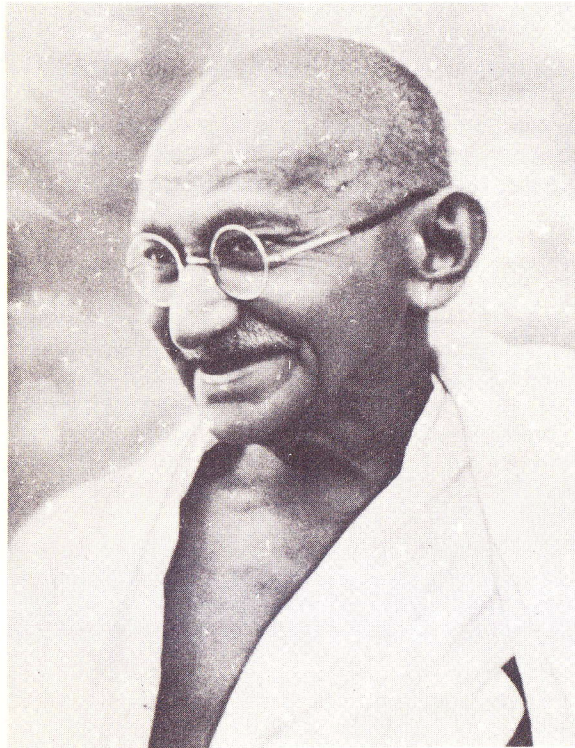
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Essence of Gandhi

An Insight from Muriel Lester

There are a hundred and one stories about Gandhi showing what happens to a person when he has trained himself to forget himself and only remember God. "I'm not struggling for the independence of India because I, M. K. Gandhi happen to want it, but because I know it's the Will of God that every nation should be free. Otherwise it can't contribute its maximum contribution to the rest of the world,—I have no power of my own. All the strength I have comes from God."

Looking back on many months spent with him over a period of 23 years I see him doing the same thing in different areas and in varied crises. In 1934 there was a horrible earthquake in Bihar. As we drove day after day visiting towns and villages covered with rubble we



found the victims still lying underneath and relatives standing about in near despair. In 1946 when the communal rioting was at its height in East Bengal and an adjoining province we found an even more terrible situation. Hindus and Moslems who had lived in their little villages at peace for generations, attending one another's religious festivals, now suddenly were murdering each other. Political maneuvering would fan the flames of religious fanaticism which would spread into a seemingly uncontrollable conflagration of mutual terror leading to atrocities breaking out into blinder fanaticism, more desperate outrages, more contagious fear, and unreasoning revenge.

In every such crisis Gandhi would follow the same pattern. Hearing that he was on his way to them, all the villagers would assemble and wait perhaps for hours. He would stand before them very humbly, lines of sorrow cut deep in his face. After a silent prayer he would begin to talk in a very quiet ordinary sort of voice low and quite unemphatic. How unimpressive it used to seem when one tried to analyze it but see what happened. Gradually one by one the people found themselves able to wrench their minds away from the horrors they had witnessed. Gradually he would lead them away from their personal loss to something universal,—a bad thing that had happened to the

whole world through India. One by one they would begin to feel that there was some future after all, that though husband and son had been murdered there was their children's future to think about. And at last still in this unemotional voice Gandhi enabled them to look at the wretchedness of the past few weeks no longer from their own viewpoint but from God's. Now they were different people, renewed people. And when he ended by asking whoever had done violence to own up and apologize and try to make amends, many through this personal confession got a new grip on themselves and on reality. They would press round him for a little but he never stayed long. He had to go on to the next village. And thus the last year of his life was passed.

★ ★ ★

An Age-Old Evil Gives Way

People, Gandhi once said, have to grow up to freedom. That was certainly true of the Mahatma himself. As a boy he was afraid of snakes, ghosts and the dark. He was also afraid of letting his girl-wife know of these fears. At last, however, he won through to such disciplined courage that it infected thousands of fellow countrymen with the willingness to go to jail without self-pity for long periods of time. They would even face machine guns or tanks if necessary without external weapons of any kind.

The writer hearing this story for the first time was sceptical. Upon double checking with reliable sources including a trustworthy missionary who vouches for it, he now accepts it as truth. It happened in the village of Vykom, South India, Travancore Province.

Untouchables were not permitted to walk down a certain highway. This violated Gandhi's principle of self-respect, so some of his admirers set out to change the tradition at any expense to themselves. A young Christian began. With an Untouchable he walked down that road. The Brahmins promptly beat him up along with his companion. The two tried it again. This time they were arrested. The protest spread. Others joined the young Christian. This baffled the authorities, who ordered that there be no more arrests.

The military police formed a cordon across the road. Gandhi's followers (directed from Gandhi's sickbed many miles away) made a unique reply. In front of the police they stood in six hour shifts, in an attitude of prayer. They were not simply to pray. They were under obligation as satyagrahis or trainees in the power of truth, to offer

no violence, to exhibit nothing but courtesy and under no circumstances to yield.

Suppose you were one of those policemen. Every day you would have to stand guard there on that miserable road, looking at some young man or woman facing you with hands folded, worst of all, maybe praying for *you*. It would get on your nerves. It got on the nerves of the whole community. For months the curious struggle went on. The young people settled down to the job. They built huts by the side of the road. They also worked at their spinning wheels.

When the rains came, the highway turned into a small river. The police brought boats,—for themselves. At first the water reached only the knees of the satyagrahis as each stood in front of a policeman sitting in a boat. Then it rose to their waists. The shift was changed to three hours. To stand there three hours at a stretch, soaked but in a posture of prayer, week after week, was to put it mildly a test. When the boats were not properly anchored, as sometimes happened, the young people would hold them in place. Such at least is one report. In any case it was a long drawn out struggle and the satyagrahis did not give in. Were they not dedicated to hang on no matter what the punishment?

Some of the Brahmins, moved by the spirit they saw, joined the Gandhi-ites. Untouchables, however, were not yet permitted to walk down that road. Then the opposition gave way. Without a single reported act of violence on the satyagrahis' part, "truth force" won out.

"We are now ready," said the Brahmins, "to receive the Untouchables." It had cost Gandhi's strange peace army a year and four months of disciplined effort. But it was worth it. The outcaste people were allowed to go down not only the road in Vykom. They were also given permission to use most if not all of the other roads in the province.

★ ★ ★

Duet in the Jungle

You never can predict the results when a man's conscience starts popping. "Wherever the nucleus cracks, the chain reactions begin, and no one shall tell how deep, or how far the explosions may go."

Consider what happened through two soldiers in a jungle in World War II. One was an American, a bayonet at his back. The other was a Japanese. His job was to kill the American. The American not long before had seen his five mates stabbed and murdered and now it looked like his turn. He set his teeth in determination not to show the Japanese driving him to his death how scared he was. "Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death," he repeated

but not out loud. Then "Our Father . . . Thy will be done . . . Forgive us . . . as we forgive." It isn't as easy to whistle in a graveyard as untested people think. The American managed however. Then he heard himself singing a hymn his crowd often used to sing at the evening service back home. The opening words were "We Gather Together to Ask the Lord's Blessing." The Church, it came to him, stands for eternal life. He would be dying, any minute now. But why take it so hard? God was with him. The thought made him relaxed, and so did the singing,—contagiously relaxed. After a moment the American noticed there was no more bayonet pressure at his back.

To his astonishment he saw the Japanese walking not behind but beside him. He too was singing! When they ended together with the "Amen" the Japanese said in English: "I am always amazed at the sublimity of Christian hymns."

The American jumped. They both laughed. Soon they were swapping experiences. Years before the American in a Church-school project had helped send a picture to a kindergarten in Japan. The Japanese as a youngster had attended that kindergarten. He had even put flowers in front of the picture the American had helped send to Japan.

The talk turned to the problems that haunted these two young men. How in the world did it happen that they were so far from home, each trained to murder the other? What did it mean to be a part of the fellowship that Jesus started and that war could not crush? Wasn't it perhaps time now to take seriously the brotherhood that the Christian way demanded? Kagawa was mentioned. Both had heard of him. Both admired his spirit and work.

The Japanese asked if they might pray. In the mud they knelt together and offered up their common desire: that the world's suffering might be relieved and that a new way of working out misunderstandings and conflict might spread over the earth.

The Japanese rose to his feet. He had made his decision. He would give himself up to the other as prisoner. That was how he could best serve his Master and his country.

The two made their way to the American camp. But the Japanese who voluntarily had become captive instead of captor was not defeated in spirit. He had something to live for, something bigger than military triumph. For Japan's sake and the world's, he threw himself into the movement of the Prince of Peace.



The Laughter Helped Save His Life

When I first met Kees Boecke he was head of Biltoven School in Holland which at the time was entertaining the International War Resisters' League. That was in 1938. He had already gone through what he calls "hard searching." For example, over quite a period of time, because he refused to pay the military tax, his property was taken away from him. Believing that if he refused to support the state, he must also refuse to accept the privileges it seemed to grant, he stopped using the mail and telephone. Finally his conscience drove him to give up money. He and his Quaker wife with their children thus lived "at the mercy of the community. For a year and a half he taught his four children without any materials in a room provided by a friend.

Before the first world war he was a Quaker missionary in Syria. As the war went on he found himself in England, and there, often as the guest of Kingsley Hall, he did what he could to promote world peace at personal risk. In due time he was imprisoned and deported to Holland as an undesirable citizen. This is ironic in view of the fact that not long after World War II, the Queen of Holland was sending her children to his school that they might learn how to become more desirable citizens. Furthermore, the United Nations sent him on an inter-continental mission, collecting and sharing facts to make culture and education a more effective binding force throughout the world.

In Los Angeles in 1950 he told me in our home about a friend of his who was also responsible for a school during the Nazi occupation. This friend got permission to do his work on condition that the pupils were children of prisoners of war in Germany. One day a German officer asked him definitely if all the children were there on the agreed-upon basis. "That is right," said the friend. The officer went the rounds. At the dining table he asked a little boy who his father was. The youngster stood up straight and said, "My father was executed by the Germans." The officer went to Boecke's friend.

"What's this," he said angrily. "You told me these were only children of prisoners of war."

The school inspector then answered, "Suppose you were in my place—what would *you* do with these children?"

The officer stood silent. Then he turned and went out of the room, but not before he had put a substantial sum into the box for donations at the door.

Boecke in his dealings with the Nazis managed to get through to their conscience with surprising frequency, but once he almost failed. Against regulations he permitted a Jew to sleep in his office. This Jew was active in the underground. He was caught away from the school, but Boecke had not been informed. So when he walked into his office

the next morning, the Gestapo was there. Yes, he had allowed the Jew to sleep there. But he didn't know he was a terrorist blowing up rails and engines.

Boecke remembered how, long before, he had written an article for publication after the war on "What We Have Learned." It was about the Nazi occupation, how Jews were being mistreated, and how dictatorship had shown itself to be completely undesirable, and how during such a regime, it is the scum that rises to the top. Suddenly he began to laugh. The officials wanted an explanation. "This strikes me as very funny," said Boecke. "In the first war I was arrested in England. I was put in prison and banished from England because I was friendly to Germans. And now," he continued laughing, "and now you are arresting me."

Then Boecke took the initiative and spoke as straight as he could to the conscience of his accusers. He had a completely different faith from theirs, he declared frankly. "I believe in the brotherhood of men. All men have in them the reality that unites them."

While he was saying this, another Gestapo man rushed up to the official, cross-examining Boecke. "Look," he said excitedly, thrusting the article about dictatorship which Boecke had written for the post-war magazine. "Look! It says NO MORE DICTATORSHIP!"

"I told you so," Boecke said to the officials. "That article has in it just what I was saying to you just now."

Then the Gestapo official in charge said, "You needn't tell me anything more. I believe you. You say what you actually believe. I apologize for having shouted at you like this."

Boecke opened his desk and pulled out some materials about children and how he educated them in his school to have this same spirit and to act like brothers. For some time he talked in these terms. As he talked he noticed that the incriminating document he had written was lying in plain sight. Casually, almost absentmindedly, he picked it up and shoved it far back in a drawer so it would not be found on his person. The Gestapo leader may or may not have noticed. Anyway, he said, "Well, I must report this."

Boecke was put in prison. It looked like the end. Concentration camp and probably death. But what worried him chiefly was this: If he was cross-examined about the Jew, he might give details that would involve and endanger some persons he was eager to protect. Under torture he might betray them.

His fears had some point. It seems that twenty-five people from the village, on discovery of the damage done by the underground to the railway engine, were shot. Even so, at the end of a week in the government prison, the door opened and out he stepped into the sunshine and his work again. There wasn't even a hearing!

He is becoming known over the world in educational circles as a great teacher. And he is now looked up to in his own country as an

important part of its cohesive force. The respectability, however, has not altered his major premise. It holds and it is something like this:

"I know that man will find in the source of his consciousness an underlying re-unity." He follows no formula; only the command, "Thou shalt love."

A Different Way of Dying for One's Country

A French schoolmaster for a long time had been brooding over the whole problem of war. He knew in his heart that the wholesale killing of human beings was wrong. But he wasn't sure, exactly sure, what he should do about it. Then life took him by the back of the neck and hurled him into a terrible dilemma. Orders came from the army. Either he would obey or be shot as a traitor. He tried forcing himself to cooperate with the military. But his conscience could not be downed. Suddenly he made up his mind. Taking off his soldier's uniform he went back to his school in civilian clothes, and started teaching the children. It was during the first world war. He knew perfectly well that his decision probably meant the death penalty. He had not long to wait. Soon after, the school house door opened. Soldiers marched to the desk to take him to the graveyard. Before leaving, he wrote a message to his boys and girls on the blackboard. It must have remained indelibly on their minds: "War is a savage beast that destroys civilization."

A friend of his who saw him die reports that he refused to have his eyes bandaged as he faced the firing squad. Not only that. He managed to make a declaration before the volley sounded, to this effect: "Some day France will know I died for her."



Each-One Teach-One Laubach



The Lightning-Literacy expert "who has taught more people to read than any other man in history" was putting out the lights in the little schoolhouse that was once a saloon. But one of the Moros stayed on. In his eye burned a new enthusiasm. Hadn't he, in less than an hour, become literate?

"You're the best friend I have in the world," blurted out the tribesman who now could see the connection between the pictures on Laubach's chart and the Roman letters and sounds they represented. "You taught me to read and I want to do something special for you. Is there anybody in Lanao you want me to kill for you?"

"No thank you, Brother," answered the American whose broad shoulders, high forehead and decisive chin make one think a little of George Washington, "No thank you. But you certainly are a big-hearted man. Just teach others to read, and that will make me happy."

The outlaw is presumably still a missionary in the "Each-One-Teach-One" campaign that has already made possibly 50,000,000 human beings literate.

Frank Laubach modestly gives Chieftain Daglangit the credit for the slogan that is becoming a byword in Africa, Asia, and South America. In 1931 this "big fierce brilliant-eyed" sultan of all Southern Lanao stood up at the meeting where Frank Laubach had to announce sad news. Owing to the depression there would be no more money for teachers. The challenge touched off a creative response in Daglangit's mind. Rising to his feet he declared excitedly: "This campaign shall not stop for lack of money. It is Lanao's only hope. If it

stops, we are lost. Everybody who learns has *got* to teach. If he doesn't, I'll kill him."

The chieftain's threat of violence didn't worry Laubach who was dedicated to non-violence. He trusted the growing process. He assumed that once the seed-idea was given a chance in his Filipino friend's spirit, the war habit would be crowded out. As a matter of fact, the old way of killing, killing, killing did gradually give place among the Moros to a new approach, thanks in large part to their American friend's irresistible enthusiasm.

That is Laubach's genius—enthusiasm, appreciation. "You're doing fine," he says to the Arab or Indian pupil who has always had too low an estimate of his capacity. "Now let's go on to this next letter of the alphabet. How does it sound? That's right, 'ah!' Before we're through today, you'll be ready to show somebody else how to read this chart and by the end of the week you and your pupil will be reading the daily paper we're going to have mimeographed."

His theory is that one loving heart sets another on fire. And everywhere he goes he works at it. What he sees happening helps to keep him open-minded and buoyant. In British East Africa, for example, he was pointing once to some Arabic letters and repeating the corresponding sounds. At first nothing seemed to be happening. Then a boy who had been eagerly watching the chart and struggling to make the right sounds to fit, jumped to his feet, quivering with sudden realization.

"Gimme a book!" he shouted triumphantly. "Gimme a book! I can read!"

Instead of judging or blaming or criticizing or patronizing, Laubach encourages people into becoming what they have it in them to be. And he learned the hard way, out of defeat. It was in 1929. He was alone. His wife and small son were near Manila, and he wasn't getting anywhere with these savage, betel nut-chewing Moros. Why? Could it be that he had been hiding from himself a secret sense of racial superiority to these people,— the assumption that he was above them?

Yes! That was the trouble. Lack of love within himself! "In that terrible wonderful hour on Signal Hill," he confessed later, "I became colorblind. Ever since, I have been partial to tan, the more tan the better!"

Coming down from that mountain he immediately passed around the word that he wanted to study the sacred book of these Moros, the KORAN, under their leadership. Early next morning a small crowd of Mohammedan teachers were waiting for him at his front door. In a short time, with a Filipino helping him he was mastering the Maranaw dialect. Not a page of it had yet been printed. He stumbled on a key. It was the discovery that the words, mother, hand, and work, each with four syllables, had all the consonants necessary. The steps for teaching from reading charts followed quickly. Within two years

the top Mohammedan priest, as Laubach left the Phillipine port to try out the new method in India, Egypt and Turkey, was praying that this real American friend might have the blessing of Allah as he went round the world "introducing to less fortunate nations the method that we (Moros) helped him make into the easiest lessons in the world for teaching people to read."

By 1950 that method was being used through 206 languages in 67 countries with 25 governments officially requesting its introduction.

That for Frank Laubach is but a small beginning. His target is all of the 1,200,000,000 under-served on this planet to read and write.

One of the most exciting spots on that target is New Guinea. In the spring of 1949 within half an hour after landing there by plane, he was teaching the lessons he had been building, to people whose former hunger for human meat is now rapidly becoming converted into a passion for intercommunication. These ex-cannibals (let's hope they're "ex") wash in pig's grease. From the neck up, Dr. Laubach reports, they are the best dressed men on earth. At least the chieftains on big occasions are, with fancy shells in their noses, birds of paradise in their hair, and all the colors of the rainbow painted on their faces.

"When we got there, no one could read except one man. At the end of the week we had 42 and a graduation ceremony. Four thousand spectators squeezed into the big hut. After the diplomas were given and we told those graduating, "You are the only teachers in this tribe," we all went to the airfield. Sixteen thousand danced and marched and shouted to celebrate the greatest step up in their history. The 600 chieftains marched around with their spears. Then they met in solemn council. At last they came to tell us their decision."

It was a breath-taking event for Frank Laubach as well as for the people of New Guinea.

"We want to rise from where we now are," they said, "to education and civilization. We like the Christian religion because it does so much for us. So, we have just voted to have you baptize everyone here, right now. But not us chiefs yet. At the moment we chiefs all have a great many wives. We can't think of any Christian way to get rid of them. But we are going to marry them off as fast as we can. Then we want you to baptize us too."

According to the last report, commencements are taking place at the rate of one every three weeks and not once has there been occasion to chalk up on the popular new charts that ugly old word "cannibalism."

Frank Laubach looks at everybody as needing something. That was his attitude as he chatted with President Truman. About two years later, the President announced to the world his desire to share America's know-how with the world. Isn't it likely that the seed-idea of Point 4 was encouraged, if not planted, in the President's mind by the

man who believes in pouring into every possible situation something significant? Here is a peace-maker who almost never is on the defensive. When he meets or thinks of people, he silently asks this question: "Can I help You?"

Every time we, too, ask that question and mean it, world peace is a little less far off.

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North of the River of Death

The Kalapalos Indians just didn't permit explorers into their territory north of the River of Death, in South America. Those over-curious persons who thought the Indians were only bluffing, didn't return. The chief of the Indian Protection Service, General Candido Rondon, announced this unique ruling: No one was to use arms against the Indians; if attacked, he was not to defend himself.

The response to this generous policy at first made it seem ridiculous. A neighboring tribe, the Chavantes, killed all but one of seven unarmed men who tried to negotiate with them. Soon after, 20 men were massacred at a base camp where not one of the massacred even attempted to fire a shot. Soon General Rondon was the target for angry criticism. He stuck to his position: "Die if necessary but never kill."

Others not defending themselves were killed. General Rondon's answer was to send over friendly planes to drop tokens of good will upon the belligerent Indians: pots, mirrors and pans, again and again. At first the Indians clubbed the packages to knock out the evil spirits that surely were hiding there.

At last they got the idea; and 400 Indians (this was in 1946) walked unarmed into the newly made town of Chavantina and swore a treaty of peace with the 'white Indians'. When General Rondon heard the news he declared: "This is the victory of patience, suffering and love."

—oOo—

A Dangerous Seed

Conscience can be like the seed of a giant tree. There it waits, a few inches above the ground, among the withered grass, dead leaves and rotting twigs, seemingly useless. Then a nearby blast of lightning, and what had covered the seed is burned away, giving it a chance at last. At any moment now the seed may break through the surface of the ground. From then on, watch out! For nothing, the foresters say, can stop a tree once it has made up its mind to grow.

Consider Walter Krajno who suddenly let conscience have the right of way beginning where he was. He was, or was ordered to be, a member of a firing squad. The directions were to shoot some French hostages. He refused.

Sentenced to death by a military tribunal, this Austrian soldier stood before the pointed rifles with his eyes uncovered and his body straight until the shots rang out. His grave is in the cemetery of Les Angles, near Avignon, France.

We don't know much about him. All we have is a bare silhouette of his career. In 1934 he matriculated. In 1938 he was graduated from law school at Innsbruck. In time he was conscripted, sent to France. There he made many friends in spite of the label that members of the occupying forces carried. Perhaps his cello playing as well as his frankness helped break down the barriers. That is all the data we have except what follows, and it is all we need when we read this paragraph from a letter he wrote home to his family shortly before he stood before the firing squad rather than be a part of it:

"How grateful I am to you for bringing me up in a Christian spirit! During my life I was not a devoted Christian. Now in the moment of the greatest danger to my life, the seed you had planted springs up. And God is good. He did not destine me to a sudden death, so that I had to step unprepared before His judgment throne. He led me to this situation to enable me to think about myself and find the way to Him."

—oOo—

Could One Have a Finer Memorial?

It's in Munich and consists of a little packet of officials' papers. A German passport, a birth certificate, papers accompanying a visa that permits her to enter the United States, German papers that show that she is free to leave Germany.

She was a German Quaker who was of Jewish parentage. In 1936 the Nazis' persecutions of the Jews were becoming terrific. After a family council it was decided to sacrifice their property and get across to America. Elizabeth meant to go with them but suddenly changed her mind. Papers ready and her steamer passage in hand, she realized she must stay and help her fellow Jews. She turned her Munich home into a refuge for aged Jews. Of course her action might result in her deportation or worse, but she was thankful she'd stayed. At any moment her aged Jewish friends might be transported to Poland.

At the end of each bed, there was a little suitcase packed with the necessities of life that he or she might lay hold of in case they were suddenly ordered to a railway station. But as a man who, well in advance has taken pains to close the barn and the house to the storm, now feels he can face anything, Elizabeth Heim was filled with se-

renity and humor. She was living an hour at a time, glad to be doing what she was doing, glad to be needed, glad she had chosen to stay.

Everything that she had faced as a possibility happened. Her Jewish house guests were sent to Poland. Her apartment was confiscated. She was seized, and in 1941-42 was in a Jewish female labor battalion in Bavaria. There she was charged with the care of the girls who worked with her. Late in 1942 the whole work battalion was ordered transported to Riga. They never reached Riga, and word came back that, as was becoming customary at this period, they had been taken out and shot along the way.

The little packet of papers and the memory of Elizabeth Heim are rather precious.



Not That Kind of Food

Following World War I, the Quakers distributed food to thousands of starving women and children in Russia. One day a band of uncouth men came to one of the warehouses. They were desperate, hungry men and had been seizing food wherever they could find it. Approaching the young man on duty, they asked him if there was food in the building, and were told that it held supplies of milk, sugar, flour, and fats.

They proceeded to ask the young man if he were armed, to which he answered that no weapons were needed because nothing would be disturbed. They inquired what there was to prevent them from going in, and he answered, "Nothing!"

After a pause, the leader directed his men to turn about, saying to the young man, "We don't want this kind of food." Not so much as a tin of milk was disturbed in this warehouse, or any of the other feeding centers maintained in Russia by the Quakers.



Hospitality that is Not Appeasement

About ten miles from the edge of Berlin under the Russian occupation is an orphanage where a German woman stood up to invaders with the kind courage that bets on a third alternative. The first alternative was to give in without thought of moral standards. The second was to be brave but blindly, angrily, rigidly. The way Isa Gruner chose was more constructive.

Isa Gruner is a trained social worker. At the time the Russians were pouring into the region, she had under her charge about 50 boys and girls. Some of the girls were 13 or 14 years old. To them all she was a wonderful mother. Two of the boys, for example, had had

their feet frozen and amputated. They were unable for quite some time even to speak of what they had gone through, the shock was so great. Isa won them back into normal living.

Working with her were four or five helpers. They had a school building and three cottages.

As the Russians came closer—this was in 1945—Isa called together the teachers and said to them: "We have given these children food and clothing and shelter, we musn't now give them fear. What then shall we do to prevent their being afraid?"

"I know some Russian songs," said one teacher. "When the Russians come, they'll be glad to hear them."

The children were taught to sing in Russian. One day the expected happened. The Russians were on the school grounds. The children quickly assembled on the steps. The invading soldiers could hardly believe their ears. Before long they too were singing in Russian. At the end they clapped and so did the children.

All this time Isa, we can guess, was working on a problem. How could she stimulate these Russian soldiers into sponsoring instead of destroying this school? There must be some way to live in the same world. These soldiers *could* take some responsibility for the children. When, therefore, the officer in charge said that everybody would have to clear out and leave the buildings empty for the Russian soldiers, Isa had a counter-suggestion. It was really to keep the upper hand over the facilities and at the same time to keep the soldiers from becoming pigs. She would make guests of them. Their behavior would have to measure up to the hospitality.

"We'll scrub, wash, iron, take care of the rooms and cook for you. We'll wait on your soldiers."

"We'll try it," said the officer.

Isa lost no time. "I'll have the carpenter make a sign right away," she said keeping the initiative, "and we'll put it up over the buildings."

Almost immediately she had the carpenter put the sign up over the entrance to the school. It was a big sign: These children, it insisted, are under the protection of the Russian army.

Once in a while a soldier would grab one of the girls. But the girls always went together in teams. One of them would manage to break free and rush to the officer and report. He had his own way of stopping that nonsense.

After nine months another group of Russian soldiers came. They demanded the cottages as well as the school.

"But we're under the protection of the Russian army," Isa protested.

"We're the Russian army," said the commanding officer. "The children will have to go."

Isa cried. The teachers heard her and they cried, too. Then the

children. It was all unrehearsed and from the center. The Russians had never been up against anything like *this*.

"Go back into your cottages—don't cry," said the officer at last. And he and his soldiers left.

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Trusties

More than thirty years ago there was an obscure chaplain working in a Japanese jail. He had caught something of the great Galilean's vision from a missionary who had crossed the Pacific to share it. This chaplain used to pray for the warden that he, too, could see what he saw. The chaplain was removed to another jail. But he kept up the contact. Nearly every day he would write to his former chief. The warden, Mr. Arima, was something of a scholar. It seemed to him that Shintoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism, were sufficient for Japan and he wrote back excellent arguments. The chaplain's theories failed to interest Mr. Arima, but at last the spirit of the man, his utter dedication to the power of love and his willingness to pay the price for it, convinced the warden. He threw himself into the Christian venture of trust. Gradually the inmates of the prison sensed that he really did see them as children of God.

He became a great administrator in the Kosuge prison of Tokyo. The men were encouraged to do interesting, worthwhile work. There was a choice of something like fifty different trades. In the bakeshop and blacksmith shop, the weaving and dyeing mills, the farm, baseball field and library within the enclosure, they were given the sense of paying their way and not being parasites or robots of the state. They were well fed. One observed little sullenness on their faces.

A Canadian social worker in Tokyo, the late Miss Caroline MacDonald, who used to pray with those about to be executed, once took me to visit Mr. Arima in his office. She pointed out a sheaf of letters a foot high written to the grizzled warden a few months before when he had nearly died from an illness. The letters were from former convicts whom he had helped find jobs and most of all helped to find self-respect. Before a man was released, the warden would often visit the head man of the village, where employment was arranged, and through him persuade the people to give the fellow another chance. Once in a while an inmate would break faith. When the police brought back escaped convicts, Mr. Arima would, in certain cases, greet them with a new kimono and set before them the best meal they had eaten in days. They had been disloyal to the morale of the place. But they would be treated once more like cooperative members of the group. Some of these returned convicts were so deeply moved by the warden's

surprising treatment of them that they underwent a permanent change of spirit. My guide showed me some unrepaired places in the wall beside the railroad track. Mr. Arima didn't seem to mind. Then she explained. In 1923 when the earthquake took Tokyo in its grip, the way a terrier shakes a rat, the prison buildings were convulsed, some were smashed to pieces. Mr. Arima, uninterested in his own safety, went about opening up cells. Everything was in wild confusion. There was nothing to prevent men from running away. But they rallied around him. In time a detachment of soldiers frantically approached the warden.

"We hear that a hundred of these prisoners are loose in Tokyo. We insist on setting up a guard to see that no more escape."

"No, I resign first. All my life I have treated these men like friends, and now I won't go back on them, nor will they go back on me."

"But the walls! Your walls are all broken down."

"Yes, but the only way to guard these men is to trust them."

The soldiers were dubious. "All right," answered Mr. Arima, "Let's take the roll call and see!"

His "trusties" summoned the men; he went through the list. Practically every one of the 1300, except those who were seriously injured by falling bricks, were found to be on hand—and when his name was called, answered, "Here!"

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Throughout the Centuries

Haloos are not popular today: "just bandages which the over-pious wrap around cracked skulls," we say. But the saints, far from being sentimental, sometimes prove to be the most realistic people on the planet. They see more evil, more darkness than we, who are not pure in heart enough to see, are able to suspect. But they also see through that evil, that darkness, into goodness or light beyond that is overcoming it.

I: MOH-TZE

Take Moh-tze. Soon after his death in China more than 23 centuries ago he was practically snowed under by the indifference if not hostility of those who dominantly desired what most of us dominantly desire; gratification of the glands, personal power and respectability. Moh-tze was not so soft in the mind. He offered to his people a method of reasoning that one philosopher thinks would have led China on to science, centuries before Galileo and Bacon made their start. But

the idea didn't take. He was opposed to squandering money and time on impressive funerals,—the Chinese way of keeping up or living down to the Joneses. He preached and to some degree practiced showing goodwill to *everybody*, not just to the immediate members of one's family circle. The people across frontiers he valued as human beings. Hearing that a state engineer had invented a "cloud ladder" to be used in offensive warfare, he walked, so the record goes, 10 days and nights, until he arrived with bleeding feet at the office of the inventor. The engineer was proud of this new device for capturing towns but Moh-tze after a long chat with him reached his conscience. "Now that I see what you see," he declared to the sage, "I wouldn't accept that neighboring state I had planned to invade even if it were given to me."

Moh-tze was ruthless in exposing the greed and fear that pretend to themselves they are saving the world. Listen to his findings:

"Killing one man constitutes a crime and is punishable by death. Applying the same principle, the killing of ten men makes the crime ten times greater and ten times as punishable; similarly the killing of a hundred men increases the crime a hundredfold, and makes it that many times as punishable. All this the gentlemen of the world unanimously condemn and pronounce wrong. But when they come to judge the greatest of all wrongs,—the invasion of one state by another—(which is 100,000,000 times more criminal than the killing of one innocent man) they cannot see that they should condemn it. On the contrary, they praise it and call it 'right.' Indeed, they do not know it is wrong. The gentlemen of this world praise the *name* of righteousness. They may be likened unto the blind man who can say the *names* black and white as well as any seeing man, but who cannot recognize black and white *things*."

The idea that we are rats caught in a trap, and there's nothing we can do about gigantic organized evil, to Moh-tze was a trick of the ego. "Fatalism," he taught, "is only the invention of wicked kings and the practice of miserable men."

II ASOKA

Asoka, in the third century B. C. was a king in India. He seems to be one of the few exceptions to the rule of one historian, "Power corrupts. Absolute power absolutely corrupts." For a while he was an addict to the love of power. Then he became free.

Perhaps the superior force that confronted him in a good man had something to do with the change in Asoka's nature. The story is that the famous warrior was pursuing an enemy who had sought sanctuary in a Buddhist monastery. Arriving at the door, the king started to go in. The Abbott, however, would not allow him entrance.

"Stand aside or I'll cut you down," said Asoka.

"You have the power," replied the Abbott. "But if you do you will find that the law which is now speaking through this body will stand

always in front of you, accusing you."

It is said that the king again made his demand that the fugitive be given up. The Abbott refused. The king withdrew. The idea was working in him like the seed which if given time will "rend the hardest monuments of man's pride." At last he became a convert to the principle of compassion, understanding and simple living. It is possible that he trained himself to eat only one meal a day, sleep on the ground or on the floor, eating no meat, and taking no life. The historians tell us that for more than twenty years as king he devoted his efforts to peace and mercy. He sent missionaries over mountains and rivers to conquer by sharing what to him was light. He had wells dug over the country with trees planted near so that the people would have ample water and shade. Gardens were maintained to provide medicinal herbs. Women were given a better position. Aborigines were encouraged to live a better life. Education apparently took the place of the sword. When at last India got her freedom and a new flag had to be designed, it contained only Asoka's symbol: a wheel and the Sanskrit "Truth conquers."

III A NORTH AFRICAN SAINT

On March 12, AD 295, Maximilian, twenty-one years old, made his stand against military conscription before a Roman pro-consul named Dion, in a North African court. The defendant, as we shall see, fails to make the judge see his point. (Or maybe he succeeds only too well?) His stubbornness is like that of Lavinia in G. B. Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*. In the play a Roman officer tries to persuade the Christian girl not to commit suicide. All she has to do to live is to drop a pinch of incense on the altar to Caesar. Moreover, says the captain, the truth needs no martyrs. To which Lavinia replies: "No, but my faith like a sword needs testing. Can you test your sword except by staking your life on it?"

Let us watch the testing of Maximilian's sword. In answer to Dion's ultimatum, "serve or die," the young man insists that he would rather have his head cut off than take orders from the military; he will take orders only from Christ.

Dion: What has put these ideas into your head?

Maximilian: My conscience and He who has called me.

D: You are a young man and the profession of arms befits your years. Be a soldier.

M: My army is the army of God, and I cannot fight for this world. I tell you, I am a Christian.

D: There are Christian soldiers serving our rulers, Diocletian, and Maximian, Constantius, and Galerius.

M: That is their business. I also am a Christian and I cannot serve.

D: But what harm do soldiers do?

M: You know well enough.

D: If you will not do your service, I shall condemn you to death for contempt of the army.

M: If I go from this earth, my soul will live with Christ my Lord.

As a warning to others Dion then read the verdict: "Maximilian has refused the military oath through impiety. He is to be beheaded."

"God liveth," answered the condemned young man. On his way to death his face was radiant. To his father he said, "That cloak you got ready for me when I was a soldier, give it to the lictor. The fruits of this good work will be multiplied a hundred fold. May I welcome you in Heaven and glorify God with you."

Almost immediately Maximilian's head was struck off. The father went home, grateful for such a son.

Eventually he was given high rank as "Saint."

IV TELEMACHUS

But what can one man do?

This is what Telemachus did. Gladiatorial shows had been taken for granted for centuries. You didn't go to the coliseum to see a football game. You went to watch condemned criminals or prisoners of war in single combat with swords or spears. The climax in excitement was when the Emperor jerked his thumb a certain way. That was to indicate whether the man who had been knocked down by a more skillful gladiator was to live or die. Under Julius Caesar, as many as 700 gladiators perhaps in one day would meet each other in the arena to kill or be killed.

So popular were these huge public festivals that an acquaintance of Augustine, who was studying to be a religious man, went to one of them with his eyes bandaged. He thought he would be spiritually safe if he just listened to the comments of the crowd without looking at the gladiators. But he underestimated the power of the herd impulse. As the shouting increased the pressure became too much for him. Finally, unable to resist any longer, he tore the bandage off his eyes so that he too could behold what was bewitching the spectators. The sight of jabbing swords and spurting blood became a mania with him. It was years before he was able to break the spell.

The church stood against these gladiatorial games. But the verbal protests accomplished little. Then Telemachus acted. He was a monk in Asia Minor. For a long time he had been thinking the issue over. Everybody else no doubt had told himself again and again: "If I were a saint I might do something that would have some effect—but I'm not good enough." Telemachus somehow didn't get round to that excuse. Or another: Rome was a thousand miles away.

At last he arrived at the city to which all roads then led. Honorius, the Emperor, was presiding over a great gladiatorial show. It was one of the dramatic moments of history but Telemachus was thinking not of drama, but of Christ.

"All eyes in the amphitheatre were fastened on the combatants when Telemachus rose from his seat and ran forward into the arena. Cross in hand, he threw himself between the gladiators, calling on them in his Master's name to cease from fighting. The amazed combatants stood irresolute, but the spectators, baulked of their entertainment, filled the air with cries of fury and execration. Those in the lower tiers rushed into the arena and with sticks and stones beat Telemachus to death. The mangled body of the monk lay on the ground, but the games ceased abruptly; a strong revulsion of feeling swept over the spectators who followed the Emperor as he rose and left the Coliseum. Honorius seized the opportunity and issued a rescript forbidding henceforth all gladiatorial combats—the one great achievement of his feeble and inglorious reign." Never again was there another such show. An evil that had seemed ineradicable simply withered away.

One obscure Christian, throwing his life into the arena, was the growing edge of social change. The great historian Lecky goes so far as to declare: "There is scarcely any other single reform so important in the moral history of mankind as the suppression of the gladiatorial shows, and this fact must be almost exclusively ascribed to the Christian Church." Telemachus at a unique moment was the growing edge through which the Christian conscience was able to express itself.

Gandhi, 15 centuries after Telemachus' heroic act said that if a single person achieves the highest kind of love, "it will be sufficient to neutralize the hate of millions." Who can tell when and where any human being's influence for good will stop if that person does what is right simply because it is right? A miracle is not where physical law is broken but where spiritual law is obeyed. If that is as true today as it was in Telemachus' time, we can expect great things to happen through dedicated wills. The release of energy doesn't have to be through somebody famous for the halo around his head.

V. SAINT AMBROSE (337-397 A.D.)

Due no doubt to bad handling, the Thessalonians had risen up and stoned some of the Emperor's troops. The Emperor, in the name of discipline and respect for Christian authority, had his legions massacre some of the people of Thessalonica. The news came to Saint Ambrose in Milan. In the city the Emperor was also regent.

On Sunday, the Emperor who considered himself a Christian, came to the cathedral to take the holy communion. Arriving, he found the doors of the cathedral closed to him. Indignantly he struck the doors, demanding that they be opened. Ambrose himself opened the door.

The Emperor wanted to know what the insult meant, why he was not welcomed. Saint Ambrose answered that the Emperor's hands were stained with innocent blood: he, the Bishop, would never permit any man who had done such a crime to enter the church of Christ

Oh Good
may I
have such
faith.

unless that man should repent. Still less would he be allowed to take communion. The Emperor hesitated and then withdrew. Finally he sent to the Bishop to say he was willing to confess his sins. Ambrose replied that such sin required reparation. The Emperor would have to pay compensation to the relatives of the people he had massacred before he would be given absolution. After he had done that and only then would he be permitted once again to become a member of the church.

VI: POPE LEO (452 A.D.)

Attila, the Hun, was marching on Rome. He was famous for his passion to destroy. Behind him, such was his reputation, there was left no living thing. Already he had ruined Northern Italy and now it would soon be Rome. The city had absolutely no defense.

In this desperate pass, Pope Leo remembered what he was for. Instead of running away in terror and leaving his flock, he went straight north to meet "The Devastator," who was within a few marches from Rome. Somehow he got into the presence of the invader. He had no weapon, only a crozier (a sort of shepherd's crook) in his hand. But the power he exerted in that interview must have been enormous. The historians don't bother to tell us what the words were that passed between the destroyer and this spiritual leader,—and perhaps the words weren't so important anyway. All we are told is this: such was the power of the Pope's unarmed appeal and his belief in God that Attila turned back, spared the city and never returned.

THE COURAGE TO ENDURE

Gandhi once said that to be positively, dynamically non-violent you have to have a living faith in God. Unless you have that, you won't reach "the courage to die without anger, without fear and without retaliation." James Nayler authentically had what it takes, three centuries before Gandhi.

In earlier days James Nayler made a serious mistake, letting his emotions run away with him. Riding a horse into a town, he had apparently permitted some overenthusiastic followers to shout "Hosannah!" or words to that effect. Arrested, he was put in the pillory in Palace Yard, Westminster, to be publicly humiliated. On his forehead the letter "B" was branded with a hot iron. A hangman whipped him through the streets to the Old Exchange, London. A red hot poker was stuck through his tongue. Finally, he was thrown into prison, in solitary confinement for several months.

Hearing the sentence, James Nayler declared simply: "God gave me this body. God, I hope, will give me the courage to endure."

That hope, that purpose was forged out of years of trial and error, misunderstanding, heroic effort and pain.

Years later on a journey this Quaker, an associate of George Fox, was attacked and beaten by robbers, bound and left in an English field. He died shortly after. On his body a piece of paper was found with these words he had written:

"There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thoughts to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercy and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned . . . I found it alone. being forsaken . . ."

CAPTIVE PIRATES

Thomas Lurting had been quite a war hero. In a small boat of the British navy he had slipped right under a Spanish fort with seven men, carried through instructions, and got back losing only two. In time he had 200 men under him.

He became acquainted with the Quakers. From them he caught the dangerous idea that in every person is a flame of mystery, a sort of spark which God has put there. The meaning of this did not come home to Thomas until he was in the midst of battle. He was stripped to the waist, aiming to destroy a Spanish castle. Apparently the cannon ball was still going through the air when suddenly, like a blow, the question hit him, "What if I had killed a man—a man in whom was that strange spark of God?" For a moment he hardly knew whether he was in the body or out of it. Then he put on his clothes and told the captain about his scruples of conscience. The captain thought first of striking Thomas with his sword but changed his mind. Later Thomas described the curious change in himself that had taken place: "Whilst a minute before I was setting all my strength to kill and destroy men's lives, a minute after I could not kill a man if it were to gain the whole world."

Thomas managed to get on a civilian ship. It was captured by Turkish pirates. They took the captain and four others on their ship and left Thomas and the English crew behind in the English ship. By skillful maneuvering Thomas got the Turks locked up in the hold and sailed into port, the captors now captive. His idea was to save prisoners. The captain had a less idealistic thought. His plan, without letting Thomas know, was to make a good sum by selling the Turks as slaves. Thomas hearing of this worked out a scheme of his own.

With three volunteers in a small boat he set out across the water with a cargo of ten Turks neatly arranged in layers with their leader on the bottom. He himself had no weapon but he allowed the three men to have close at hand some iron with which to tap any Turk

gently over the hand—in case. At one point in the trip the Turkish captain tried to stand up and take charge. Thomas admits to striking him “a smart blow” and bidding him sit down.

When the Turks landed on their own shore they received many loaves of bread. Thomas threw their weapons after them. They parted “in great love.”

After that Quakers and Quakers alone, it is said, were allowed by the people of that region to come among them without hostility.

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Quaker Armament

Quoted from an old Quaker magazine.

“In 1682 William Penn received the large tract of land eventually known as Pennsylvania as payment for an old debt which the Crown of England owed to him This large piece of America, settled largely by Quakers, was governed by William Penn, the first proprietor.

“For thirty years the Quakers lived in absolute peace. Others were slain, others were massacred, others were murdered, but the Quakers were safe. Not a Quaker woman suffered assault, not a Quaker child was slain, not a Quaker man tortured, and when at last, under pressure, the Quakers gave up the government of the colony and war broke out, only three Quakers were killed, and these had so far fallen from their faith as to carry weapons of defense.”

What an irony! Only three of all the Quakers were armed, and these three alone were slain because the Indians did not recognize those to be Quakers who carried guns to shoot at other people.

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Distilled Sympathy

Iulia de Beausobre's baby, after the early days of the Russian Revolution, had died of starvation. She and her husband somehow survived. Together they made their decision. They would stay on in their country and help in any way they could. And now,—it is from February on in 1932,—Iulia is in Cell 36 in Moscow's “Palace of Torture.” Part of the calculated cruelty is to keep her in suspense. Her inquisitors won't tell her where her husband is or whether he is alive or dead.

Iulia is a cultivated woman. As a girl she had had more than

her share of fun, riding and sailing in Constantinople, swimming and mountain climbing in Italy, and at home ravenously absorbing great literature.

Her present environment is in complete contrast to everything human. From the ceiling three naked light bulbs glare. In the door is a hole through which an eye suspiciously watches. The other furnishings of the small room are a table, a narrow spiky camp bed, a copper kettle and a huge metal bucket with a lid. The window is something you don't go close to—unless you want to get shot.

The door opens. “You will be taken,” a hard voice orders, “before the examining officer. Get ready.”

Her hands shake. Her mouth is startlingly dry. She sips some cold tea from the kettle. Something in her, not the deepest part of her, whispers cynically that she can't take it. “You're just turning into a repulsive moral coward,” it sneers. Utterly desperate she reaches out through what is deepest within for something to hang on to, for ultimate rock. She is not disappointed.

Out of the mysterious light, the reality that surrounds her there comes “a serene look of perfect understanding.” In the vision there are no eyes. Only a presence, “inaudible but of tragic beauty.” It is as if a voice were reassuring her with words no human ear could hear: “Peace. My peace be with you.” The essence of that profound tranquility from that time on remains with her, in her. It enables her to feel compassion for everyone around and confronting her.

She must not give in to pain. She must overcome it. That will make the guilt of her oppressors less terrible. She must not keep the spirit that has been so generously given her, just to herself. She must let it flow out in kindness toward those torturing her. How unyielding she must be to make up for the weakness of others!

One day the General, the head of this prison, comes to visit her. Neither takes the other for granted. Each looks at the other. Each in a strange new sense *sees* who the other really is! Into Iulia's mind flashes the thought that this disillusioned Communist keeps on at his disagreeable job for a reason concealed from the public. It is a human reason. It is to prevent some ogre from taking charge and turning this place of suffering into an even more horrible hell. Reading his heart, she sees him realizing “with wonder and relief that I am not hostile to him or to anyone or anything.” A wall has broken down at least for the moment. “We both know that all things in all eternity will be good and clear between us. If only—we do not forget.”

After three months in solitary and six months with other prisoners Iulia was sent to concentration camp. There she trained herself to develop and not just preserve her sanity, for another four years or so. She endured as seeing the invisible, as hearing and answering a secret music.

An old friend at last arranged Iulia's release from concentration

camp to England. There she now lives. Those who know her say she is courage itself.

From England she shares this insight, won out of hard testing. The highest way to take torture, she says in effect, is to heighten your consciousness, expand your awareness. Don't be less vital. Be more alive. And in God's enveloping light, outface all sentimentality. Penetrate as far as possible, into the minds, of the men who have staged the cross-examination by which they would break you. Enter as far as you can into "the breath of God's compassion." The serenity that will follow may be "more potent to counteract sadistic lusts than any barren impassivity could be." Her chief weapon, one gathers, is "distilled sympathy." With it she has demonstrated what a human being, at the most human, can do.

* * *

A Bad Conscience

Courage can be destructive. It can also be creative.

Creative courage is audacity on Level Three instead of Level Two. Here you boldly treat a foe not as an obstruction to be put out of the way but as a human being to be helped. No race or nation has a monopoly on such neighborly heroism. Russia will have to get the credit for this particular instance. It happened in October, 1942, in the region of Stalingrad where the invading Germans were being wiped out.

A young German corporal who had just been sent up to the front as a replacement, was lying on the ground seriously wounded in the head. Suddenly to his terror he saw a Russian soldier stooping over him. The Russian put out his hand. But there was no revolver in it! No knife!

Only compassion. In a few moments, the Russian had finished his job and the German's wound was bandaged. To his amazement the German was allowed to go back to his unit. After the doctor examined the dressing of the head wound, he said it had been done perfectly.

Did the Russian have a bad conscience? Did he ask himself if he was wrong in not killing the German corporal or at least taking him prisoner? Or did it come to him that because he was obeying the moral law he was at the same time serving the highest interests of his country?

She Practiced Ten Years on Rattlers

As a girl Mrs. Grace Olive Wiley was afraid of snakes, definitely. Then one day on a field trip, studying wild life, she got to wondering: Maybe a human being could be friendly with reptiles. She began with the harmless kind, then rattlers. Once while giving a huge diamond-back an inoculation her grip slipped as she held him by the neck. Realizing that if she threw him to the floor he would strike her assistant, she held on. He buried his fangs in her hand, so deep she had to have help pulling them out. In the hospital she successfully struggled to keep consciousness so that she could prevent the surgeon from amputating. In less than a month, her arm still in a sling, she was back with her snakes, coaxing the one that had almost murdered her, back into a less fidgety mood. After ten years of closely studying the ways of rattlers she took on two king cobras.

Later, in her small zoo near Los Angeles we watched her go into the glass cage and play a few minutes with King and Queen. King was 14 feet long; Queen, 12 feet. The two coiled around Mrs. Wiley's waist and partly around her neck. The palms of many hands were moist with sweat. She showed no excitement and probably felt none. All the time she chatted casually with her playmates as if they were children.

"How did you bring yourself to the place where you could do that?", I asked. "It's simply the Golden Rule," she answered smilingly. "I try to put myself in their place. I remind myself how these wild creatures feel: they're far from their natural home; they're more or less frightened. So my job is to *communicate confidence to them*."

It took patience as well as courage to learn how. The first time she entered the cage, both serpents raised their hoods and charged. Her only external defense was a coil of wire and a small wooden shield. She got out just in time, trying not to show undue haste. Next day she was able to go in without such an angry reaction on their part. Soon she was touching them with her stick. After many days of slowly increasing the intimacy, came the day of days: she would now stoop over and let her finger make actual contact.

She was able now to *feel* calm and to infect these strange denizens of the jungle with something of the power she herself felt. From then on, the relationship of mutual trust grew. Increasingly she could see past the fangs into the mystery that binds living things.

Frightened by the noise of a motion-picture camera that seemed too close for safety, a five foot cobra that had not been with Mrs. Wiley long enough to learn to trust her, got excited and struck her in the hand. The blow was fatal. But she had demonstrated that given time, patience and sympathy a human being can call out of supposedly unteachable creatures a surprisingly cooperative response.

No Traps for Wolves

When Larry Trimble was a boy he had a puppy that would tumble down the porch stairs. Curious as to the reason, Larry tried to put himself in the other's place. So he lay down on the porch with his eyes at the same level as his puppy's. The instant he did so everything was explained. The puppy from that angle simply wasn't able to see the steps down which he had rolled so awkwardly.

Years later, wolves were needed for a Hollywood movie, "The Call of the Wild." Using the clue the puppy gave him, Larry undertook to train them. In a twenty acre stockade near Lake Louise in Alberta, Canada, he let loose more than 20 husky specimens. It was winter and there were risks but Larry was equipped. Late in the afternoon, he would leave meat out for his pupils. Then he would dig a hole in the snow and curl up in his warm sleeping bag. His only protection was his defenselessness, confidence and insight.

The wolves were not easily convinced. At first they assumed that this two-legged enemy had poison, traps or guns concealed on him. Larry understood how they felt about his being there, so he took his time. Finally, Lady Silver, the leader, took food out of his hand. That night the whole "pack" slept only a few yards from this strange human being, who, it seemed had neither fear nor the power to do harm.

As the weeks went on and everybody became familiar with the whirr of the camera, the comradeship between man and wolves took an interesting turn. If the stars were clear and the spirit was right, Lady Silver would place her two front paws in the usual position for singing. There would be a preliminary howl as if the choir master were setting the tune. Others would add their voices to the rhythm. In a moment Larry also would be asking, but not as resonantly as his friends. "Ah life, life,—what is it? What is it?"

That's Enough, said the Lion

When Helen Keller, in front of the lion cage at the zoo, said she was going inside to get better acquainted, she was told it was absolutely impossible. The particular lion in there was tough, from Africa. She gave reasons. She had been studying all she could about lions and was sure she could manage. Somehow she got her way.

The lion was surprised. He had never seen a human being like this one. Of course he couldn't understand that here was a famous woman who was not only blind. She was deaf as well. But he could sense perhaps that she had the gift of empathy, of identifying herself with other creatures. Anyway, as she stretched out her hands inquiringly and started walking directly toward him, he offered no resistance.

In front of him she kneeled with a sort of contagious reverence for the way he was put together. Down his back she ran her sensitive fingers. Yes, the mane was just as the books had described it and so was the fur on the tail. But what's this, at the very end? This tuft of long hairs! Nobody had mentioned that. How interesting. How funny.

The exploring touch went down one leg to the paw. The lion cooperatively lifted it. She felt the claws, one after the other; then the pad, up and down.

For a while the lion made no motion. He simply stood there, like one entranced or mesmerized. "Then," a friend of Miss Keller, Miss Margaret Applegarth, reports: "He put his foot down firmly, as if announcing: 'This has gone far enough!'"

Satisfied, she stood up and lifted her hands in a gesture of wonder and admiration. Taking her time she found her way to the door of the cage and rejoined her friends who were once more breathing freely.

Even Leopards

Sundar Singh was no longer a boy. Nor was he yet quite a man. Outside he had stamped upon the hot ashes of the Bible he had burned in hatred. Now he was alone in his room late at night, facing himself. He had pretty well decided that if nothing happened to give him light on how to live he would early in the morning lie down on the railroad track and let the express train solve his problem. To his surprise he found he was facing not himself but a light, a presence like Christ. From then on, life for Sundar was different.

The family tried to poison him. He recovered but he was an outcaste. A missionary took him in. Sundar set out to be a Christian sadhu, that is, a man in a yellow robe who wanders over India living a dedicated life of voluntary poverty. He would go into a village singing a hymn. Then he would tell of his great happiness and peace of mind. Once a man listening, struck him a savage blow on the face. Sundar went to a ditch where there was water, washed the wound and came back singing. At the end of the hour or more of listening, the man who had struck him said he wanted to go along with him.

It was the dream of this young lion of northwest India (Singh means lion) to go high into the Himalayas and see what could be done for the villagers. He made trips up there, carrying a testament and most of the time wearing no shoes. Picking up a half frozen man at the side of the trail in a blizzard he found upon arriving in a village that the man he was rescuing was dead but that the protection of the body on Sundar's back probably saved his own life. On one occasion he was attacked by bandits. The tranquility on his face prevented the mortal blow that was about to fall on him. He was invited to sit in their cave and chat with them.

"See those skulls?" said the leader. "Those are my sins. What can I do?" The bandit became a Christian.

But the following incident is about the power he exerted toward a dangerous animal. A Hindu Christian who was entertaining Sundar in his home vouches for the details which C. F. Andrews considered trustworthy. A leopard was on the loose. Villagers with lights were pursuing it. Nevertheless, Sundar went out into an open clearing in front of the house to be by himself. He stayed there for a long time. His host, a little anxious, looked out the window toward the forest. It was a beautiful night. The stars were clear. A light wind rustled the leaves. There was the Sadhu, sitting perfectly still. Then something to his right caught the eye of the man who was watching. It was an animal crawling towards his guest. As it got nearer, the host saw it was a leopard. He was too choked with fear to call and warn the Sadhu. Just then, however, the Sadhu turned, holding out his hand. Serenely, he stroked the leopard's head.

When he came into the house, his host wanted to know why he was not frightened. Sundar answered, "Why should the leopard harm me? I am not his enemy. And anyway, as long as I trust in Christ I have no reason to be afraid."

Invite the Aggressor to Tea

This story was told by Alfred Page of New Zealand.

When the English landed in New Zealand the Maori were in possession. The native people did not know how to use the bow and arrow. They were really inhabitants of the stone age. Cannibalism was still a custom. Then, becoming Christians, they took on a new way of living. It is claimed that children of the Maori today show in the schools superior intelligence to that of the white children. The following incident certainly indicates that these people had an audacity of mind that entitles them to the status of equality and respect they now enjoy in New Zealand.

It was in the days when the white imperialist was physically taking possession of the land that belonged to the Maoris. The English with modern weapons were marching against a certain village where the chief of the tribe was living. He was well known among his people for his wisdom and integrity. Not long before, he had found a new direction for his life and the life of his people; and this direction he was determined to keep.

"My children," he explained to the villagers whom he called together as the English approached. "We are about to be attacked. The English have guns. We do not have guns but we could try to defend

ourselves with our own weapons. If we still worshipped the old idols that is exactly what we would do. But now we follow Christ. It was from these white people that we learned about Christ. He commands us to return good for evil, not evil with evil. These, then, are my instructions. Men and youth gather in the village for a council meeting. Don't bring your weapons. Young girls and children, put on your gayest garments. Take flowers and wreaths. Go and meet the soldiers and welcome them with songs, dances and games. Are we not here to do as Christ told us to do?"

The white soldiers kept coming. They were prepared for battle. To their amazement they were met, not with spears on the road or from ambush but with singing maidens and children offering them wreaths, and smiling and dancing before them. The soldiers were baffled. They could think of nothing else to do but follow the procession. In the village the chief stepped forward out of the ring of men and boys greeting them, with great dignity and genuine friendliness.

"Join us," he said, "as we feast and counsel together."

The women appeared with cakes and other food. The soldiers sat down with the Maoris. It was embarrassing with all that military equipment about, but their hosts soon made them feel at home. There didn't seem to be anything else to do but to accept their hospitality.

Finally the soldiers withdrew leaving their hosts in possession of the land. It is said that this was the last expedition against the Maoris.

You Can Kill Me If You Like

Baiko San was a middle aged wife of a priest. They lived simply together in the little shrine dedicated to the goddess of mercy, in the part of Japan where Michi Kawai was brought up as a child. In her book *MY LANTERN* the great Japanese Christian woman tells of this Buddhist woman through whom the light that lighteth every person was able clearly to shine.

When the husband died, Baiko San went many days' journey to a monastery to retire from the world and to practice a life of strict personal discipline.

Priest after priest came to the little shrine among the dark pines overlooking the river. No one seemed to satisfy the simple villagers. At last two of them put on their straw shoes and set out to locate the widow of the good man who had died among them. When they found her they bowed with great courtesy.

"Baiko San", they said, "we have come searching for you these many days to invite you in the name of our community to come among us again and be our priest."

"But I am a woman."

"Yes. But you are the only priest we really want."

"Every morning for years I have turned toward you, toward the place where my husband's ashes are, and it has been with love. Nothing would give me more joy than to live in that shrine and try to serve you all the rest of my days. After the feast of the dead I will come."

It was not long before Baiko San found herself a fulltime nursery administrator. Farmers on their way to the rice fields would leave their children for Baiko San to manage and, if possible, educate.

"Would you mind rubbing Yoshio's back with this oil while we're gone? Twice today will be enough."

"Peach Blossom is quick to learn. She was drawing that ideogram you taught her yesterday all last evening. We thank you for making a scholar of her."

"Kanzo has the sniffles, but we know you will keep him warm today. We'll be back for him before sunset."

So from a little after dawn till quite late in the afternoon, Baiko San would handle the children deposited in the shrine—a pledge of the villager's faith in their widow-priest. If there was a special problem demanding the attention of the whole village, they would meet under her curved roof after the day's work. At the psychological moment Baiko San would insert into the excited discussion the friendly or firm word that would bring the peasants back to the main point. More and more she struck her roots down into the life and love of the people. About the only luxury she permitted herself was to walk across the rice fields to one of the thatched huts, and ask if she might take a bath there. That was an honor for the family and a convenience for her. While the family continued their supper she would stand contentedly in the hot bath for a few moments. Returning to the family she would be invited to sit on the floor with them and eat some of the rice and pickled turnip they had saved for her. There would be stories, laughter, a little turning of the mind to the deep things of life. Then the children would see their venerable guest home, under the stars.

One night Baiko San (who was gray-haired now) woke up suddenly. The mosquito net had been shaken by a human hand. Sitting up, Baiko San faced a robber. The man had wrapped a towel around his head, leaving his eyes alone uncovered, to avoid identification.

"Where did you put the money?" he asked roughly.

"I can't tell you," said Baiko San calmly.

"But there was a meeting here last night. They must have taken a collection. It's hidden somewhere around here, I know. And you'd better not try any tricks on me, old woman. See this sword." (With a

quick thrust he ran it through the mat at his feet.) "That's what I'll do to you if you don't tell me."

"Young man," said Baiko San, without anger or impatience, "you *can* kill me with that sword of yours. But if you do use that sword, it will only be a kindness to me. For a long time now I have prayed the goddess of mercy to let me leave my body. I am ready. I want to go. That sword may quite possibly be the means of release I desire. But, young man, how about yourself? Suppose you kill me. Will it be well with *you*? What will happen to your soul? As for your body, you'll be caught if you kill me. And then, what? However, that is not my concern." She yawned. "It's your choice, not mine. As for the money, I have some saved up from what the people have given me. It's in the recess over there, back of the altar. Help yourself to *it*. I haven't any knowledge about the other money. And now I'm going back to sleep. Good night!"

Next morning Baiko San was awakened by the smell of smoke in her nostrils. The candle the man had been carrying had not been taken away. It had burned a smouldering hole in the mat. Had it all been a dream, nightmare? No! There in the mat was the sword mark. But surely he took the money he was told he could have. No! It was still there, undisturbed!

A Methodist Devil

He had been a "semi-pro" prize fighter. Sometimes he would get drunk and then he would get indiscriminate with his fists. That was on pay nights after he had been working in an English mine ten or twelve hours a day. His name was Richard Weaver. It was in the days when they said "thee" and "thou."

Richard, shocked with the silliness of his old way of living, decided to point his life in a new direction. He did pretty well for a time. Then he got confused, slipped back into the saloon and broke the jaw of someone who had called him a sissy whose religion made him scared to fight. What apparently started Richard down hill was an unhappy incident. He had seen someone insult a girl. To protect her he struck the man violently. That gave him the idea he couldn't stick it. The other discouragements followed.

But Richard made a fresh start. This time he was determined to keep the compass needle of his conscience pointed straight north.

Going down into the mine on a Saturday morning he found a fellow-workman bullying a small boy who was in charge of a wagon away down in the bowels of the earth loading coal. Tom was the bully's name. He was taking the wagon away from the boy.

"Tom," said Richard, "you musn't take that wagon."

"You're a Methodist devil."

"Let's see whether the devil and thee are stronger than the Lord and me." Saying which, Richard gave the wagon a push which Tom dodged just in time. Richard then helped the boy take charge of his wagon.

"I've a mind to smack thee on the face," growled the other.

"If that will do thee any good, thou canst do it."

Tom hit him on the face. Richard turned the other cheek, saying, "Strike again!"

Tom hit and kept on hitting five times. Richard presented his cheek for the sixth blow. As Tom gave up and shambled off, Richard called after him: "The Lord forgive thee for I do, and the Lord save thee."

That night when she saw his swollen face, Richard's wife burst out crying, for he had explained, "I've been fighting, and I've given a man a good thrashing!" She wanted to know why in the world he had got into one more scrape. Richard then gave the whole story. She praised God that he had stood up and taken the blows without hating or hitting back.

On Monday morning, as Richard walked to work he was tempted. How about the other men in the mine? Wouldn't they laugh at him for letting Tom paint his face black and blue? But he soon dismissed such fears. At the coal pit Tom was the first man he saw. To him Richard said, "Good morning." But there was no answer. Tom went down the mine first. At the bottom he waited. When Richard approached him, he suddenly broke into tears, and said, "Richard, will you forgive me for striking you?"

"I have forgiven thee. Ask God to forgive thee." And Richard gave Tom his hand, saying, "The Lord bless thee."

* * *

Not a Trigger Was Pulled

When we see a man of William Hockett's venturesomeness throwing away his scabbard, we feel that here is a fighting spirit caught from Jesus that somehow cannot fail. It was during the struggle to free the slaves. Hockett was drafted into a North Carolina regiment, but he did not believe in the military system, and he pitted all his force against it.

At last he was ordered to be shot. The company fell back eight paces and the command was heard: "Load. Present arms. Aim." With the rifles pointed at his breast he raised his arms and said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Not a trigger was pulled; the guns were lowered without orders. Members of the company were heard to say they could not kill such a man.

Can You Fight Fire with Fire?

A Russian Mennonite Bishop, now in Kitchener, Ontario, in Canada, with thousands of fellow refugees who had survived a frightful ordeal in Russia, recalls this. We will leave out the more gruesome details and give simply the essentials, as told by the Bishop to a friend.

The Bishop himself is a man of massive physique with great learning and real spiritual force. We can trust his integrity and the general point of the story, for the experience now to be repeated had burned itself unforgettably into his memory.

During the months of revolution and marauding, before and after Red October, 1917, a band of ruffians came into the peace-loving community in Southern Russia where the Bishop worked. They came stealing, robbing, brow-beating, and worst of all, raping. Hate entered the hearts of the formerly peaceful members of the Bishop's flock. They had been life-long pacifists and they had no guns. But the horror of what had happened frightened them into arming. "We're not going to be walked over any more," they said. "We'll fight fire with fire."

So they threw up barricades, and got themselves "prepared." Again the invaders swept down upon them. They answered with gunfire. People on both sides were killed. The marauders were victorious. Not only were the women of the community violated. They were also treated with other methods of sadism.

After the invaders left, the community assembled for counsel. It was agreed that they had been defeated in battle because as they confessed "God has taught us a better way; only we forsook it." They repented. They prayed for their persecutors.

Once more their tormentors came. This time the community did not sullenly acquiesce before the evil. Nor did they fight. The men went out to meet their adversaries, without guns in their hands but with something terribly dynamic inside them. They knelt and prayed for their loved ones and also for their enemies. The impact of this spirit got through. It reached the conscience of their attackers. The marauders apparently sensed that they were up against a superior even if invisible power. They left and did not return.

What One Man Can Do

Let's kill him right now—he's asleep," whispered some Mohammedans to the six men guarding Dr. Pennell. "No," they answered firmly, "look how he sleeps, like a child. That's because he trusts us. We musn't let any harm come to him as long as he's in this village." So Dr. Theodore Pennell was permitted to live.

He had come late at night to this place infested with outlaws. It seemed wise therefore to go straight to the chief of the outlaws and simply ask him for protection. He talked to the desperado, man to man. Then, confident that the other would not take advantage of his helplessness, he lay down and fell fast asleep. The chieftain was not going to take any chances; he placed around his amazing guest a special guard. Next morning, Dr. Pennell stretched his muscles, enjoyed a good breakfast, and at last departed.

That was the white Doctor's technique. He carried no gun,—but goodwill that had terrific energy in it, and a medicine chest. A Mohammedan priest might put a band of fanatics under oath to shoot, stab or strangle the "Christian dog." He might spur them on with this promise: "Remember, the second you get killed on this errand, you go directly to Paradise." That made no difference to Dr. Pennell. Being informed of the danger, he would somehow manage to meet his opponent face to face, and begin chatting with him as if there were no barrier between them.

This was on the north-west frontier of the Kyber Pass in India, the Gunga Din country, famous for blood feuds and the accuracy of triggers. Dr. Pennell deliberately left his pleasant home in England, after becoming thoroughly trained as a doctor, and settled down in this hot-bed of hatred to see what one man could do. Incidentally, he paid his own way. The laboratory conditions were not easy. One of these feudists, after Pennell won his friendship, proudly showed him a prayer he had written all by himself, "May this bullet never miss its mark . . . In the name of God, the merciful and compassionate," This prayer he would recite before taking aim; he was grateful for the number of times it had been quickly answered.

To the hospital founded by Dr. Pennell, where he would some days attend to more than two hundred cases, there came an excited father. The son's hip had been shattered by an enemy bullet. An amputation was necessary. The doctor wanted to go ahead with the operation and save the boy's life. But the father insisted on taking him home to die. In that case, he, the father, would have the sacred privilege of stalking his son's murderer until he could get revenge and have another notch on his rifle. But if his son lived, he wouldn't have that satisfaction!

Pennell was athletic. He loved to take a crack team of his students on long tours around India playing football and cricket. As a boy he sought adventure reading Robinson Crusoe. As a man he found it in everyday experience. He dressed and ate like a native. He talked like a native. He received insults like a native. (Once he had to sit up all night on the train because an official would not allow him to sleep in the third class carriage reserved "For Europeans Only;" the official just knew that the man he threw out was a Pathan.) Finally, Dr. Pennell married an Indian woman who was herself a certified physician.

Apparently Dr. Pennell chose the northwest frontier, the Khyber

Pass country, as the place for his job because it was difficult, the kind of challenge he wanted. One reason for the chronic warfare infesting the place was this. It was here that the imperialism of Britain ran smack up against the passionate nationalism of the Afghans. The tribesmen themselves, on the border, suffered from extreme poverty. The money-lenders were always cheating them and they in turn were always murdering these money-lenders. Add to this the fact that the tribesmen are fanatical Mohammedans. Their tribal morality is ruled by the etiquette of the blood feud. The whole set-up is exactly the kind of laboratory a man with the courage of Pennell would desire.

Pennell was a skilled physician. Here was his chance to heal social as well as bodily disease. He went up to the frontier, obtained leave from the government to advance, dressed as a native (Pathan). He also arranged that if he were killed no notice would be taken of the murder by the British authorities. Soon after arriving, the local Mowlahs (Mohammedan clergy) put a price on his head. Pennell hid nothing. He was there not only to heal but to preach Christianity. When he learned the name of one of the Mowlahs out after his blood, he surprised the Reverend gentleman by turning up at his house. These shock tactics made it almost impossible for the Mowlah himself to carry out his own orders. After all, you can't stick a knife into a guest. Not if you're a Mowlah.

Let us imagine the monologue taking place in the Mowlah's house.

Guest: "Say, your teeth look as if they need attention. Open your mouth, please. We'll have to pull that molar right away. No wonder your right arm's a bit stiff, with all that poison in your system . . . By the way, you know why I'm out here, don't you? I've come into this country to cure people. I never carry a gun, just this medicine case. These are *my* weapons" (and he shows the scissors and operation knives.) "I'll tackle anybody no matter what his creed is. And I'll do it without money."

We don't know what the Mowlah said. The fact that Pennell was soon able to go from village to village without being shot at and sometimes with a special escort provided by fanatics who a year before could not have imagined themselves tolerating in their community an Englishman,—that fact indicates what the native people really were saying to him.

A historian declares that after Pennell's many years of service, Lord Roberts, the Commander in Chief of the British army on that frontier, remarked: "Pennell has been worth to us two battalions of soldiers, for, wherever he may be upon the frontier, we know when he is present there will be no trouble!" The historian adds: "If a single man could produce such dynamic peace in an area so inflamed, what could be done by a force of such men,—call them international police if you like,—dedicated to attack with expert skill and unwavering friendliness the wounds of society where the wounds are worst?"

Dr. Pennell died trying to save the life of a fellow physician. His

colleague had become infected with what presumably was some streptococcus germ. The great experimenter treated him, caught from him the disease he was trying to heal and lost his own life. But the deadlier germ of pride, fear and hate had no purchase on him. He was secretly inoculated. He kept his resistance high.

* * *

The Robber Dropped his Dagger

He wanted to settle down in his old age in some beautiful place of quiet. Coming to a spot infested with robbers, the servants wanted to go on to a safer resting place. But the old man had his way.

Under two old trees he sat breathing in the glory of the setting sun. His face glowed with the sense of God's presence and peace. That place he called Shantineketan, "The Abode of Peace." But it almost became a scene of brutal murder. The captain of the robber band was sure that the old man liked to sit under those trees because there was hidden treasure in the ground underneath and not just open glory in the sunset sky. So while the gray-bearded man sat there, meditating, the robber crawled toward him, his knife ready. An easy job! A few more yards and the old man's secret would be revealed as the knife plunged into him. Strangely enough the old man's eyes opened upon the crouching robber before the deed was done. The robber expected to see terror in those open eyes but there was only quietness and love.

Overcome, he dropped his dagger and fell at his feet, confessing his sins.

The old Hindu then did a strange thing. He rose and put his arms around the robber. This was in token that the robber was now his disciple. The disciple became a new man. The rest of his life was a life of service to God.

* * *

In Place of Spears

Moral jiu-jitsu, a philosopher tells us, is a method of taking the other fellow by surprise. He rushes at you. He takes for granted that you will answer back in the usual, angry, violent way. Instead of smashing at him, however, you step back as if yielding. This sudden unexpected move throws him off balance. He becomes relatively helpless. The superior force of a calm man fearlessly "taking it" has often a curious effect on the aggressor.

John C. Paton, missionary number one among the New Hebrides savages who used to take pride in eating each other, tells how this moral jiu-jitsu worked when one of his friends tried it. Paton himself

seemed to live a charmed life. His friendliness was a sort of armor that protected him. Or was it the confidence, the sense of personal integrity he was somehow able to communicate to these people? There seems to be a law: Be fearless and infect your attacker with the feeling that he has nothing to be afraid of, and you thereby increase your chance of surviving.

It turned out exactly like that with Paton and with an ex-cannibal chieftain whom he had won over to his way of thinking and living. It is not recorded how many human beings this particular chieftain had tasted before he became a Christian. Judging from his energetic follow-through after giving up an ancient tribal practice, it is likely that he had a good many scratches on his stomach or notches on his javelin to indicate that there was nothing slack about *him*.

One day, after his conversion, he sent a message to a fellow chieftain a few miles away saying that it was his plan the next Sunday to pay him a call. He would approach the village with four attendants. The purpose was simple: he would do nothing more or less than tell his fellow-chieftain the good news, namely, that God was a Father and that Christ's way would bring happiness.

"You arrive in my village with your colleagues," such in substance was the immediate reply, "and I'll wipe out the whole lot of you. We don't want to hear about your gospel either this Sunday or any Sunday."

"But," answered our Christian chieftain, "our God teaches us to return good for evil. We are not going to come to you with arms. We're going to come with open hands of friendship, just to tell you how God's son came to this world and died in order to save everybody, including his enemies."

Like an arrow came back this message and the point was not blunted: "If you come, you'll be killed."

Sunday morning presented an alarming spectacle to the non-cooperative chieftain. There, walking erectly toward his village, with obvious intent to preach to him and his villagers, was the Christian intruder with his four assistants. The poor chieftain was desperate. He begged them to depart. Otherwise . . .

"But we come to you without weapons of war!" smiled the visitor. "We come only to tell you about Jesus. We believe that He will protect us today."

So saying, the little band of five continued toward the village. Their hosts threw a few tentative spears, hoping that would stop them. Then in earnest, they hurled more and still more. Although one of the five was not an expert with spears the other four had been skilled warriors. Many of the spears aimed at them they caught in their bare hands, somewhat as one would catch a baseball. It looked like a miracle. Their opponents were at first astounded, then filled with awe. They had never seen anything like this before. Here were skilled men of battle coming at them with a new kind of weapon. Their own spears

seemed silly. Out of sheer wonder they stopped trying. They had hardly any more to throw anyway.

The Christian chief with his companions was now in the village public ground. "God has given us all your spears," he cried. "Once we would have thrown them back at you and killed you. But now we come, not to fight but to tell you about Jesus. He has changed our dark hearts. He asks you now to lay down all these your other weapons of war, and to hear what we can tell you about the laws of God, our great Father, the only living God."

The villagers listened as the Christians explained their faith. Eventually the chieftain with his people became pupils of this new way of living.

We Came to Kill You But We Can't

This story was told to Enrico Molnar in Prague by a Russian F. O. R. member:—I do not mention his name because he is still living in Germany. It was during one of those depressing, heavy blacked out evenings before Munich. In those days we were usually meeting in our bathroom, which was the only room without windows. Here the light could not betray us in the darkness.

Well, one evening our Russian friend came and, sitting on the bathtub (this was our usual "honorary" chair reserved for the speaker), he told us the following story:

It was in the days of the first Russian revolution in 1905. The rebels swept through the country, burning homes and killing men wherever they came. Nothing was safe before them. At that time we lived in Southern Russia in a small colony of Mennonites.

One day a neighbor came running to my father: "Tell me, friend, what will you do when they come? Are you sufficiently armed? My six sons and I have guns, so we will be able to defend ourselves. We'll shoot them."

"We have no arms in the house," replied the father calmly. "I do not believe in this kind of defense; there is no certainty in it."

The neighbor left the house, shaking his head over the foolishness of his friend. "Well, don't blame me for what will happen to you when they come!"

The next day news came that the neighbor and all his family were killed and that the band of rebels set fire to everything after sacking the house.

Now my parents thought that our home would be the next. We all were terribly afraid. Except my father. At noon he told mother to prepare a good rich supper because he was expecting guests. "What guests?" we asked ourselves, and were happy that someone would cheer

us up. "And then," said father, "prepare couches for about ten people." After that he disappeared.

We children were running up and down the house, but in vain; we could not find him. At last, I discovered him when I looked through a key hole of a door; he was kneeling and praying.

When the evening came, we all gathered around our mother in one room. We gazed through the window into the thickening twilight. There was silence everywhere. Nobody said a single word.

And then, at once, we heard it; steps, many heavy steps. And we saw them turning round the corner. They were awful looking, about twelve men with black mean faces, torn clothes, blood-stained sticks in their hands.

"Hands up and surrender," shouted a gross voice. Upon that we saw our father going out of the house and approaching the men. Fearlessly he came to the wildest looking man—probably their leader—and taking his hand, invited him mildly: "Come in. Everything that is ours is yours, but first of all come in and refresh yourselves. The supper is ready."

We saw them throwing threatening looks at our father and heard them murmur: "Let's not be cheated by that chap! We came to kill him and not to eat with him!" We were despairing.

"I know," said my father. "Come and eat first, then you can do whatever you think is right to do."

Hesitatingly they followed my father. Again, being more curious than frightened, I silently came close to the door and watched them through the key hole. They were sitting already, after looking cautiously and suspiciously around, of course. My father sat with them. The nicely arranged food was seducing. They were evidently hungry and exhausted. They were starting to eat in a grand way. They sat there as immobile pieces of stone. They did not utter a single word. Now they looked so strange, almost funny. What will happen? Our father encouraged them kindly: "Eat, eat, everything is yours. Your beds are prepared in the next room. You certainly need a good rest."

They really did go to sleep after supper. Then father came to us. We were sleeping all together in one room. Fear had exhausted us and so we managed somehow to sleep.

At once we heard some noises. Fear overwhelmed us again. The door opened and the wild hairy head of the leader appeared to us, smiling: "We have to go. We came to kill you, but we can't."

Could He Ever Be the Same Again?

Elizabeth Caraman suddenly felt a weird sensation up and down her back. The eyes of the Turkish soldier, whose wound she was dressing, became strangely fixed on her. There was horror in his look.

She had been telling how as an Armenian girl she had been de-

prived of her father: In 1915 he was taken out of the prison into which the Turks had thrown him. He was rolled in a carpet, then hoisted up on the back of a donkey and forced to join a group of Armenian boys who were being sent away from that part of Armenia to die. This she was telling to a Turk she had never seen before. It was in the American mission hospital in Mezre, in 1917. Her job there was to cut away old bandages from wounds, wash the wounds and then, after the doctor's inspection, bandage them up again. Often to divert the patient's mind from his own pains, she would narrate some of the experiences she and her family had gone through. It was all meant impersonally. But obviously, the incident she was now repeating touched a vital spot close to this particular Turkish soldier's conscience.

"I killed your father," he said in a low voice.

Elizabeth Caraman went on cleansing his wound. Her outside actions betrayed no hatred or terror. Her heart within, however, was ice.

The quiet voice continued: "I rolled him off the donkey onto the ground. With one jab of the bayonet I killed him. Ever since then I have pictured it in my mind." He hesitated a moment. Then he added, "This killing business has sickened me."

Elizabeth felt an almost overwhelming bitterness and sorrow. Then she thought of her mother. What would her mother have done? Would she have wanted this enemy to be crushed, tortured, destroyed? No! Her mother had been a person of faith with a will to understand and help.

"Christ," Elizabeth heard herself murmuring, "Christ says we must forgive our enemies. I forgive you."

The face of the man who had murdered her father at first showed incredulity, then amazement. Day after day, Elizabeth attended to his wound. When she came up to the bed there was always the same look of surprise mingled with wonder. One day as his wound was being dressed, he exclaimed: "Your Christ must be greater even than Mohammed. His teachings really live in your heart and life."

Next day Elizabeth Caraman was sent to the orphanage at Kharput—she is now a professor's wife in New York City. The Turkish soldier's path has never since crossed hers. Whether his sense of wonder turned his life in a new direction or whether, when he got well, he simply went back to the old ways, she does not know. What do you think?

A New Way to Retaliate

Four of the children escaped. Before they got away they had to see the three other children, along with their father and mother, tortured and then murdered. It was during a terrible riot in China

when missionary families had to go through frightful ordeals. This particular family was a peculiarly happy one. The kind of revenge decided upon by the survivors will indicate what heroism of spirit it was that bound them all together.

The four who managed to live through this tragedy worked out this plan. Each would go back to America and there train to the best of his or her ability for future service in China. Then they would throw their lives into the movement to help the Chinese people.

This they did. In the land where father and mother, brothers and sisters, had been blindly but ruthlessly butchered, they built themselves into the life of the people, making friends with them, doing what they could to meet their needs, testing out the validity of the law: "Do good to those who hurt you."

In Tears Our Souls Mingle



Albert Schweitzer is possibly the only man in history ever to earn four doctorates,—one in medicine, one in theology, one in philosophy and one in music. In his thirties after having had a wonderful time in Europe, being applauded as a lecturer, writer and interpreter of Bach, he went with his wife into the heart of Africa. There he developed his philosophy; "*Reverence for Life*." But the world wasn't disposed to show much reverence for any life, human life least of all. Schweitzer did not let that stop him.

The people among whom he built a hospital,—in part with his own hands,—used to question him about the white race. How was it, they asked, that over in Europe they kept killing one another? In Afri-

ca a few human beings might fall in a battle,—enough to make a good meal. But leaving thousands on the field to rot or to be buried,— how could the white people tolerate such foolishness? In Africa, if you were fighting in a war and killed a fellow on the other side, your tribe would have to pay his tribe whatever he was worth. “But those ten white men who used to be on the Ogowe River and who got killed in battle, who is going to pay for them?” Why, the perplexed blacks wanted to know, why don’t the tribes of those white men meet to talk out the palaver?

Schweitzer was called in to no white man’s palaver. The high and mighty while the madness was on, paid no attention to this spokesman for compassion. The lowly were different. Schweitzer could touch a chord of understanding in them.

A black mother one sunset was silently crying, seated on a rock by the river’s bank, her red eyes fixed on something distant, downstream. The kindly doctor knew what the trouble was. The army had taken her son. They had him on the vessel that had left an hour before. Her son might not return. She probably would never see him again. A white man’s war was different. It was not like the tribal fights, when hardly anybody was hurt.

The helpless white man tried to comfort the broken-hearted woman. Words were of no use. Beside her on the rock he sat, taking her hand. The tears filled his eyes, too. Together they sat silently, and watched where the smoke of the departing river boat had darkened the red sky.

Was the Gas Chamber Forgotten?

A Jewish medical doctor and his brilliant Jewish wife fell under Hitler’s displeasure. They were sent from one concentration camp to another over various parts of Europe. The day came when they arrived at one of the huge camps that operated the gas chamber. At this particular camp and at certain times, perhaps as many as 2000 persons a day perished. On the bulletin board was posted each day the names of those who had to die within a few hours.

Imagine what it was like to crowd up with the others and scan the list of names. At last the doctor saw his wife’s name posted up among the hundreds of others.

Leading to the gas chamber was a path. Along that path the doctor was allowed to accompany his wife as far as the great door. After it opened for the victim there would be no returning.

Who can put himself in the doctor’s place as he walked back from that terrible farewell, alone?

Somehow he made his way through bitterness, resentment and despair. The Nazis could not destroy his spirit. Because of his medical

knowledge which was of some use to them, they did not destroy his body. For four years he was in their concentration camps. With the end of the war he was released to an Eastern European country that had been occupied by the Germans.

Here a Fellowship of Reconciliation group had been doing what they could on this bold assumption: Love is the only power that at the last *can* overcome evil; “it is the only sufficient basis of human society.” Forty of their number had died in concentration camps, or on the scaffold. One member so actively identified himself with the Jewish children who were being sent to concentration camps in Poland that he repeatedly asked for permission to go along with them. The permission was always refused. But he gave the children food for their journey and he stayed with them, comforting them,—up to the place where they were marched away from him. Finally the Gestapo had him up for giving food to these Jewish children and taking care of them. As he went off to the Gestapo headquarters his fellow workers never expected to see him again. Together they prayed for him. In an hour he was back, to find them still in prayer. He had stood his ground, denying nothing: of course he had fed the Jewish children! That was his duty! Wasn’t he a Christian? The Gestapo official, looking him hard in the eye, had answered: “You are a brave man. You have not lied to me. You can go back to your work.”

Sometimes, an English friend reports, members of this little fellowship would stand outside the prisons and concentration camps in silent prayer; on occasion they would even lift up their voices in psalms or hymns to strengthen those inside. But this was only preparation. Their chance came when the war was over.

What need everywhere! But something had to be done especially for the children of Hitler’s victims. A large building, occupied for years by the German military, was made available. At the first opportunity, the F. O. R. people came with pails and scrubbing brushes. The children were quickly brought in. But the big problem was medical help. Hearing of the Jewish doctor who had survived concentration camp they invited him to join them.

To his great delight he was quickly accepted by all the children. He was the sort of man to whom children instinctively run. When he had to go through their playroom, a visitor recalls, they would leave the most fascinating toys to trot beside him without a word. They would hang on his fingers or hold on to his coat tails.

At the end of the year the parents and children who had suffered under Hitler had been rehabilitated and could start ordinary life in their homes. The orphanage was now empty. What to do with it?

The F. O. R. group thought of the prisons full of collaborators, Gestapo men, officials of the defeated army that had oppressed them, torturers. The children of these prisoners would be wandering about somewhere. They certainly needed care. Why not fill up the orphanage with those children?

Before long the building was re-filled, this time with "enemies." The public and the press gravely disapproved of this action. Not so the good doctor. He continued with wholehearted joy to tend these children. It never seemed to bother him, that he was making close friends with and building up the bodies of those whose fathers might have murdered his wife.

Don't I Recognize You?

In the course of my imprisonment, writes a conscientious objector, the only very spectacular thing that happened to me occurred in a county jail while I was waiting for my bail to be raised.

The problem-prisoner of the jail was a man suffering from paranoia, pretty far gone under the ravages of that mental affliction. He had been kept in one of the solitary cells for some time before anyone suspected that he was insane; and even when such a diagnosis was pretty plain to everyone, he was at first more a laughing-stock than anything else. The doctor who visited the jail did nothing for him, and it was several weeks before a psychiatrist came from a neighboring city and confirmed the diagnosis.

Shortly after I was first there, two uncles of this man came to take him home (since there was no evidence on which he could any longer be held); and he was led away from his hated cell. (He used to stand at the bars and say, "It wasn't right that men should be caged like animals"—a remark rather far from the irrational!) But out in the unaccustomed sunlight, all control of his mental processes left him; he broke away from his uncles, stole a bus parked near by, and went on a mad trip through the city, till he wrecked the bus; he violently resisted some policemen when they tried to recapture him, but was finally restored to his old cell, and an extra lock was put on the cell door for fear he would break out. One policeman, however, helped me clean the man's wounds through the bars of his cell; we even managed to shave him, though it was quite a job. Then, while the jail bully, who had great contempt for all "yellow" C. O.'s, looked on with the rest, saying that he would not go into that cell for all the money in the world, I took bedding in to the poor fellow, cleaned up his cell and made his bed, locked in with him. While I was with him, the insane man was pacified; there was certainly nothing wonderful in that, since Jesus would have healed him! But it did seem a bit wonderful to me that I was without fear, that God's love for me and for the sick man had removed fear from me. I talked to him while I was cleaning up his cell; he didn't answer me, just looked at me very intently, not seeming to understand anything I was saying. Finally he said, "Don't I recognize

you for Jesus?" I almost wept, but told him, "No, not quite;" and I thought painfully how powerless I was to help the man, and how Jesus had promised that if his followers were really followers of His they would be able to do greater things even than He had done.

For All Mankind

The first two incidents are imaginary. The last one is suggested by the record.

The boy had heard that the great city four miles to the north had been retaken by the enemy and that now they were putting thousands of his fellow countrymen to death. He had seen the smoke of the burning houses that the Romans in their vengeance had all day been destroying. Now he was going to get close up and see.

He went down a valley and then up a slope. Suddenly his dog became excited. The boy had been walking. Now he ran, the dog leading the way. There! On that olive tree!

It was a man not yet dead. Through his ankles a big nail had been hammered. Each hand was fixed to a twisted branch of the tree.

"Remember me!" said the man. He could hardly speak, his lips were cracked. "I'm David. I used to live in your town. I helped you make a boat once with your father's tools."

The boy can hardly realize that *this* is his old friend, David, the young man who used to be his hero. Often he had begged David to tell him another story about the brave deeds of patriots who had risen up and driven out the invaders. But here is David;—done for. The insurrection has failed. And now with two thousand others, also on crosses, he must die.

He can at least bring water. He sprints down to a spring, brings back all the water his closely knit handkerchief will hold and pours it over David's face. "Thank you, thank you, boy," is all he can hear. A Roman soldier coming up starts to interfere. The look in the boy's face makes him hesitate. "All right," he says hoarsely, "you can talk to him. But I'll have to see that you don't let him down. He's not quite finished yet." The boy climbs, to a place on the tree where he can hear David whisper.

"You hear me? Promise me. Promise me that you'll do something about these Romans. Promise?"

"Yes, David, I promise."

"You'll never forget."

"No, David. I'll never forget."

All he can see when he leaves is a stiff form scarcely distinguish-

able from the twisted olive trunk and branches against the fading crimson of the sky.

Six or seven years later the boy, now almost a man, is hiking along the highway a couple of miles beyond his village. It is a hot dusty noon and the flies are thick. But his thought is on the world that should be: Religious leaders concerned not with their own dignity but with helping neighbors who are confused, to find their way, even if they are enemies,—even if they are Romans. The sense of wonder that we are all together on this strange adventure of being alive. Generosity instead of worry about little things. The sharing of bread in place of wanting to dominate. And if there has to be suffering, why pass it on to other shoulders?

The dream is rudely interrupted. "Here lad! Carry this for me." He turns. It is a Roman soldier ordering him to carry his kit. "Take this," the boy's right hand catches the spear; "and I can't be bothered with this,"—the helmet is clamped down over his bare head. "You'll have to pack this stuff for the next mile. That's the law. I guess you know the punishment if you don't."

"But I'm glad to. You must be tired a day like this. By the way, where do you come from? . . . Then you must be pretty homesick . . . Have you any kids back there? . . . Why, your little girl is almost the same age as my youngest sister . . . Say, what's this spear for?"

"Here boy, gimme that back. Your mile's up anyway. You don't have to carry it any more."

"No, no. I'll go on another mile with you and I don't mind this load at all. You keep this point mighty sharp, don't you. Do you think you would stick it into here?" He started to grab for his weapon but that might look as if he was afraid. He decided to let the boy continue.

"You know, I don't think of you as an enemy. You're just somebody a long way from home . . . I'll bet that you haven't once sat down for a decent meal in a Jewish home in this country . . . See that trail up the hill there above the well? That's where I live. Suppose we meet at the foot of the trail tomorrow at sundown and we'll have supper together. Mother will make some special cakes tomorrow with sesame seed in them. It'll be a lot of fun having you with us. Have you ever eaten fish the way we Nazareth people cook it? Tomorrow night, then? Here's all your metal back."

"You make me feel queer. Here I made you go a mile with me and then before I know what's happened it's two miles and now you're asking me to be a guest in your home. Say, who are you anyway?"

"I have the same Father you do," said the boy with a twinkle in his eye. "But we'll talk that over tomorrow night. Peace be unto you."

Nearly twenty years later the one who talked with David and the Roman soldier is now himself on a cross. It is a spring day. Behind him down by the ravine a horned lark is twittering out of a surplus

of vitality. Underneath are pheasants' eyes peeping out of the grass and here and there a scarlet "lily of the field." Two important persons push their way through the small crowd of onlookers. They are not mere curiosity seekers. They have a grievance: So you thought your way would save the world? But it doesn't even save you! They feel holy, somehow, seeing a fellow man in agony and humiliation. They expect the man hanging there to curse them. At least to show frustration and anger in his eyes.

The soldiers around the cross play a game of craps. The winner will get the clothes that fellow on the middle cross had on. What he wore should bring in enough, when sold, to set the platoon up with drinks.

The mind of the man on the cross is full of thoughts beyond our understanding. There is a flash back to twenty years ago. "David, I'll do something about the Romans. I'll never forget." It has been good, the years since then, using feet and hands: sawing wood, healing, breaking bread, rowing on the lake, hiking with comrades from village to village. But the body isn't much help now. It can't even move. To the people out there this willingness to be here must seem absurd and what I am doing hopelessly ineffective, futile. But if it is right, the results can be trusted.

He turns his eyes toward the two who had come to sneer. Their backs are still in sight as they make their selfconscious way back to the city. He looks down at the men in uniform. The language isn't what it could be. But they are not so much bad as blind, and blind because weak.

His cracked lips move. "Father," he says,—and now we are up against the most heroic of all the deeds of man—"forgive them. They know not what they do."

At last his breath leaves the body. The officer seeing Jesus die, exclaims, "This man was certainly a son of God." But he cannot completely understand who it is that confronts him.

Nor can we. Looking at the man on the cross we are humbled; we are also strangely lifted up. And this is the reason. We share the guilt of the crucifixion that went on then and that is going on today. We share it far more than we have dared to admit. But that is not all. We also face a Presence. Goodness such as that obviously gets no special privilege, no favoritism, no immunity from pain or injustice. But what if it is the energy that is most powerful, real and alive? What if it can do what nothing else in all the world can do? What if it can turn our will to destroy into a will to seek out and to save that which was lost?

Is this not victory—not for one man alone but for all mankind?



Other books by the author:

The Audacity of Faith
Say Yes to the Light
Secretly Armed
White Corpuscles in Europe
Three Trumpets Sound
Out of the Far East
Social Perplexities
Facing the Pacific
Youth's Adventure

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A PACIFIST GRABS A RIFLE*—*Fellowship*, Jan. 1945, Vol. II, No. 1

THIS JAPANESE WASN'T KILLED—from a letter to David Larson, University of Michigan, by a Japanese professor, published in *Peace Notes* (F. O. R.), April 14, 1949

REVENGE—from a letter by Prof. Douglas Steere, Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.

"I DON'T MIND FOR MYSELF" . . . I., from William Hughes' journal written from Germany, autumn 1945; also reported by W. Maude Brayshaw of the Society of Friends in a broadcast address given over BBC Aug. 15, 1948.

II* & III*—from a diary written on the spot by Miss Helma von Hellerman, of Dresden, Germany, now at 1907 Escarpa Dr., Los Angeles 41, California.

CHAIN-GANGER—from interviews with and lectures by Bayard Rustin, 21 Audubon St., New York City 32.

A KOREAN STANDS UP TO AGGRESSION—from a letter by Alvin Bro, Posen, Korea, April 4, 1950, supplemented by a letter in 1951 from Mrs. Margueritte Bro.

AN AMERICAN WAS NOT BAYONETED*—from an interview with the soldier who had the experience as reported in *The Audacity of Faith*, Allan A. Hunter (Harper & Bros. 1949)

SHE FOUND A WAY FOR HERSELF—as told to Muriel Lester by the doctor who knew Fei-Yen.

THREE DUTCH SISTERS ENTERTAIN—verified by a letter directly to the author from one of the sisters: Miss Suzanna C. van de Werfhorst, Regentesselaan I, Amersfoort, Holland, May 3, 1951.

"INCORRIGIBLY CHRISTIAN," from personal interviews with Philippe Vernier, from letters and from a study of the testimony at his trials before and during World War II. Present address: Quaregnon, near Mons, Belgium.

HUMOR HELPS—from interviews with Muriel Lester

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A GUN OVER HIS SHOULDER—from conversations with the man who had the experiences. The author is sure the report is accurate.

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NOT THAT KIND OF FOOD*—source forgotten.

HOSPITALITY THAT IS NOT APPEASEMENT—Lucille Day, who knows Isa Gruner well, vouches for this. Lucille Day now in Los Angeles did youth work in Germany for several years immediately following World War II.

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II: ASOKA, "Outline of History," H. G. Wells, Macmillan 1925; supplemented by Gerald Heard who helped write this story.

III: A NORTH AFRICAN SAINT, abbreviated from Butler's "Lives of the Saints." First Supplementary Volume by Donald Attwater, publ. by Burns Oates & Washbourne, London, 1949.

IV. TELEMACHUS—from article by Sir Ernest Bennett, M. P., in *The Christian Pacifist*, April 1942, pages 68-9.

V: SAINT AMBROSE—Gerald Heard helped write this story.

VI: POPE LEO—Gerald Heard helped write this story.

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WAS THE GAS CHAMBER FORGOTTEN?—told by Nevin Sayre and Muriel Lester of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation.

"DON'T I RECOGNIZE YOU?"*—written anonymously by the man who had the experience whose integrity the author vouches for.

FOR ALL MANKIND—Matthew 5, Luke 23.

For many of the facts here reported, I am indebted to The Fellowship of Reconciliation (F. O. R.) (New York office, 21 Audubon Street) which has little groups quietly at work for life rather than death in more than 20 countries. The

binding force of this effort is loyalty to the same energy as that which God poured through Jesus. The United States has about 12,000 members. Although they are not bound to any precise form of words or blue print of social action, they hold to certain principles:

They refuse to participate in any war, or to sanction military preparations; they work to abolish war and foster good will among nations, races, and classes.

They strive to build a social order which will suffer no individual or group to be exploited for the profit or pleasure of another, and which will assure to all the means for realizing the best possibilities of life.

They advocate such ways of dealing with offenders against society as shall transform the wrong-doer rather than inflict retributive punishment.

They endeavor to show reverence for personality,—in the home, in the education of children, in association with those of other classes, nationalities, and races.

They seek to avoid bitterness and contention and to maintain the spirit of self-giving love while engaged in the struggle to achieve these purposes.

